

HIGH-TECH CHEATING! HOW TO STRAY BUT NOT PAY

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JUNE 2006

"Two or Three Women a Night!"

Godsmack's **SULLY ERNA**
Confesses His Sins

ALIAS and **LOST** Creator
J. J. Abrams Blows Up With

Mission: Impossible

Exclusive!

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DA VINCI CODE Game

Is HBO Ready for
Louis C.K.?

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The Sounds'

Maja Ivarsson Is
SEXY and **SWEDISH**

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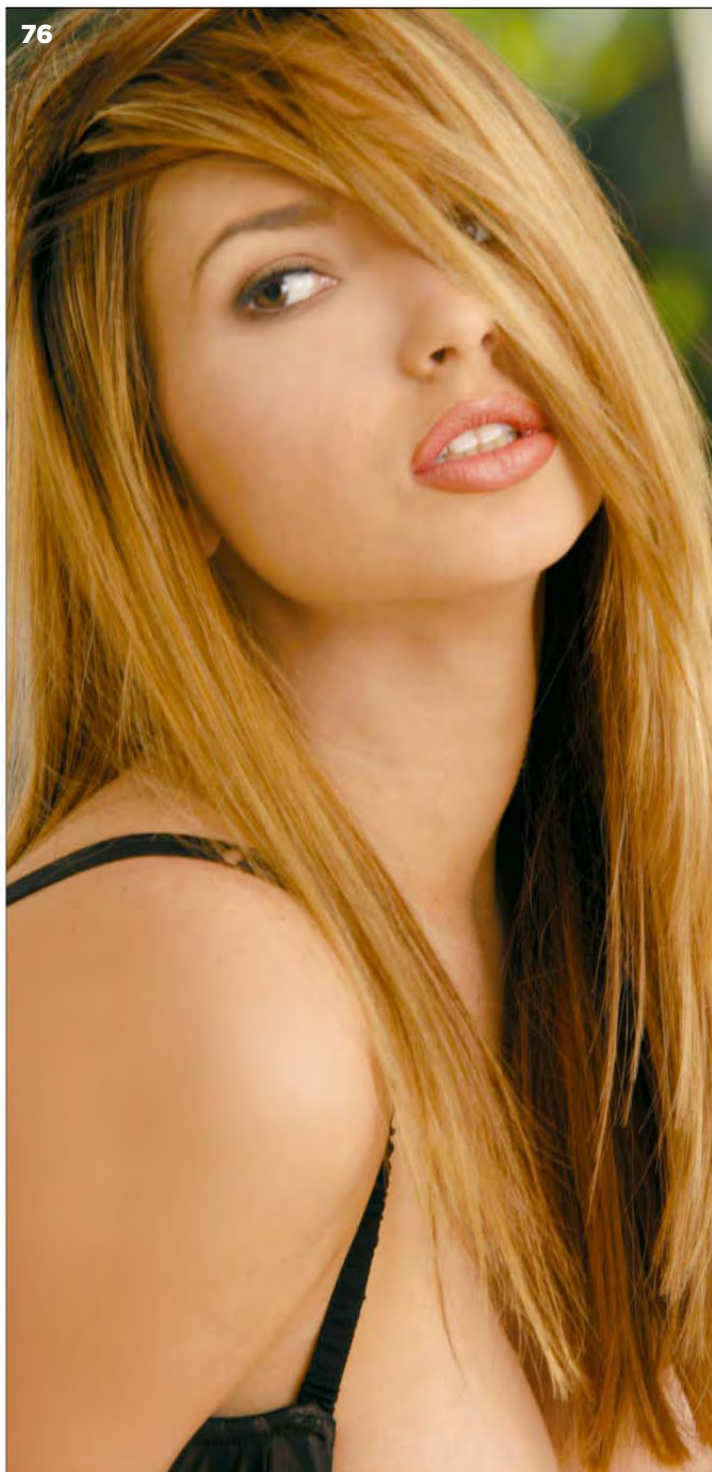
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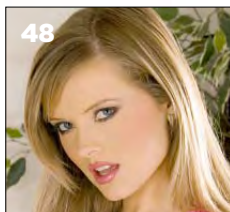
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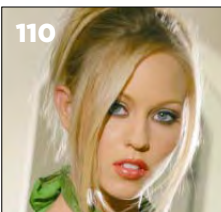
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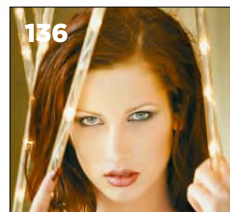
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HER CLOSEST SHAVE

I was on a business trip and had just started unpacking when I found an envelope tucked in between my shirts. Inside the envelope were a few blonde curly hairs and a note from my wife, Linda. In it



she suggested I take one last, long look at those hairs because when I returned home, her pussy would be completely shaved.

When I called, Linda said she'd made up her mind to shave after talking to Andrea, one of her coworkers. Andrea told Linda that when she had done it, her husband had loved it. Linda planned on doing the deed right before I came home, so she'd be silky smooth for me.

I was surprised when she called later that night to tell me she hadn't been able to

she was lying on our bed stroking herself, and that she couldn't wait for me to be with her so I could feel how slick she felt.

When I heard this, my cock immediately rose to full attention. I was going to have to meet this Andrea and thank her personally!

I pulled off my briefs and grasped my cock as Linda relayed to me every sexy

see her juices flowing out of her pussy and onto the sheets. My excitement grew as she told me she had three fingers buried deep inside her. She moved the phone between her legs, and I could hear the wet sounds of her finger-fucking herself.

Then Linda told me she was on her hands and knees, and was fucking herself from behind with her ten-inch dildo. I closed my eyes and stroked myself as I envisioned the scene she was describing.

"Oh, yes! Fuck me! Fuck me hard!" she screamed. Linda's cries and the wet sounds of her thrusting that big rubber cock in and out of her pussy just about drove me out of my mind. Her cries of pleasure began echoing through the phone. "Oh, I'm there! Can you hear me, baby?" Linda screamed.

Oh, I heard her. Not a minute later, I was grunting and moaning as my cock exploded in my hand.

When I got home I did get to watch Linda masturbate, and see her fuck her beautiful, shaved pussy with the rubber cock. Linda and I

"She told me she was lying on our bed stroking herself, and that she couldn't wait for me to be with her so I could feel how slick she felt."

wait—during her shower she'd shaved herself clean. My cock began to harden as she told me how much she loved her new look, and then she admitted that her bare snatch was making her totally horny. Linda put me on speakerphone as she described to me how smooth her pussy felt. She told me

detail of what she was doing. She told me how hard her nipples felt as she kneaded her throbbing clit with her fingers, and that she could

have been enjoying her bare pussy, and really hot mutual-masturbation sessions, ever since.—*R.P., Minnesota*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

Have you seen the new Penthouse.com? Our new site has more than 30 years of your favorite Penthouse Pets, all the *Penthouse* videos in DVD-quality downloads—including the infamous *Caligula*—and a vast archive of sexy letters written by our readers. Go to Penthouse.com today for a free preview.



FULL FRONTAL

Exposing the World of Entertainment



Master of the Universe

» *X Men, Spider Man, The Incredible Hulk, Fantastic Four:* all **Stan Lee** creations, all blockbuster flicks, and all soon to be sequelized. Since the third *X Men* movie, *The Last Stand*, is hitting theaters this month and *Spider Man 3* is in production, we checked in with the godfather of Marvel Comics, Stan the Man Lee, for a state of the union on how Hollywood is treating his comics universe.



There are so many awful adaptations of comics. Where do comic-book movies go wrong?

You're using the phrase "comic book movies," but this goes for any kind of movie. Why are so many movies so bad, whether they're based on comic books or not? It depends on if the story is the kind an audience will relate to, and if the characters are people the audience will root for. These are rules of good storytelling and good moviemaking. They're broken all the time.

Okay, so what's been the problem in getting your Marvel Universe on-screen?

Several years ago, a network did a live action series of *Spider-Man*. It was terribly done because they omitted all the personal and psychological problems in the life of Peter Parker—all the things that made *Spider-Man* so popular. They just had Peter Parker walking around with a camera, finding a crime scene, turning into Spider-Man, and catching the criminals. They minimized all the elements of the character that people really related to.

There was also that truly horrific *Captain America* movie starring J. D. Salinger's son.

There are a million things wrong with that movie. Nobody consulted Marvel on that. They just went ahead and made their movie. In those days, we had no control.

Well, let's go the other way. How has Hollywood done you right?

The *X-Men* movies are great. The two best Marvel movies are *X-Men* and *Spider-Man*. Next would come *Fantastic Four*, then *Daredevil*, and finally *Hulk*.

How did *Hulk* miss the mark?

Ang Lee can certainly direct a movie he's wonderful. I admire what he tried to do to give *Hulk* a comic book look. But they really changed the story. A lot. They gave Nick Nolte this huge part [as Hulk's father], and this is a character who had never even been in the comic books.

They made it very convoluted and complex. Though there is a lot that's good about that movie.

What about *Daredevil*?

Daredevil is another one that didn't get all the way there. I think they should have had one villain. They should have had either Bullseye or the Kingpin. Two was



too many—it was too fragmented. But the rest of it was pretty good.

Now that director Bryan Singer has jumped ship from the *X-Men* franchise to direct *Superman Returns*, are we in good hands with his replacement, Brett Ratner?

I haven't seen the movie, only the seg-

ment in which I have a one second cameo. But Brett is a good man and he seems to have an understanding of the characters. I don't see any reason why the movie shouldn't be great.

Since you're so familiar with what Singer brought to *X-Men* and *X2*, what do you think we can expect from *Superman Returns*?

Bryan Singer is just a genius. He has an understanding of this medium and he does intelligent movies. If he can take the *X-Men*—which could have looked a little bit corny in the movies—and make them great, then I think he'll do a wonderful job with *Superman*. I'd be surprised if it's not a great movie.

***Spider-Man 3* recently went into production. What can we expect from the third installment?**

Sam Raimi is another one of those geniuses. The new characters and great villains and amazing filmmaking in *Spider-Man 3* will blow people away. Sam has a facility and a feeling for this kind of thing. He can take something very far out—almost fairy tale-ish—and make it seem realistic and believable. Now that you're running your own production company, POW! Entertainment, do you get a lot of good material from today's comics for the TV shows and video games you're developing?

Well, I don't read a lot of comic books anymore. I am sorely unqualified to comment on the state of comic books today. But I'm doing a show on the Sci Fi Channel this summer called *Who Wants to Be a Superhero*. It's a reality show, and I'm the Donald Trump. At the end of every episode I tell someone, "Take off your costume! I've got another Sci Fi show called *LightSpeed* [about] a real comic book hero. I'm doing all original characters now—nothing from the Marvel Universe as you know it. I'm creating these new heroes for today." ☐



HOLLYWOOD TRINITY



The Da Vinci Code

» Dan Brown's insanely popular novel, which incorporates religious iconography, secret societies, and a murder mystery, is now both a movie and a game. But will either appeal to faithful readers?

May 19

Tom Hanks, Audrey Tautou

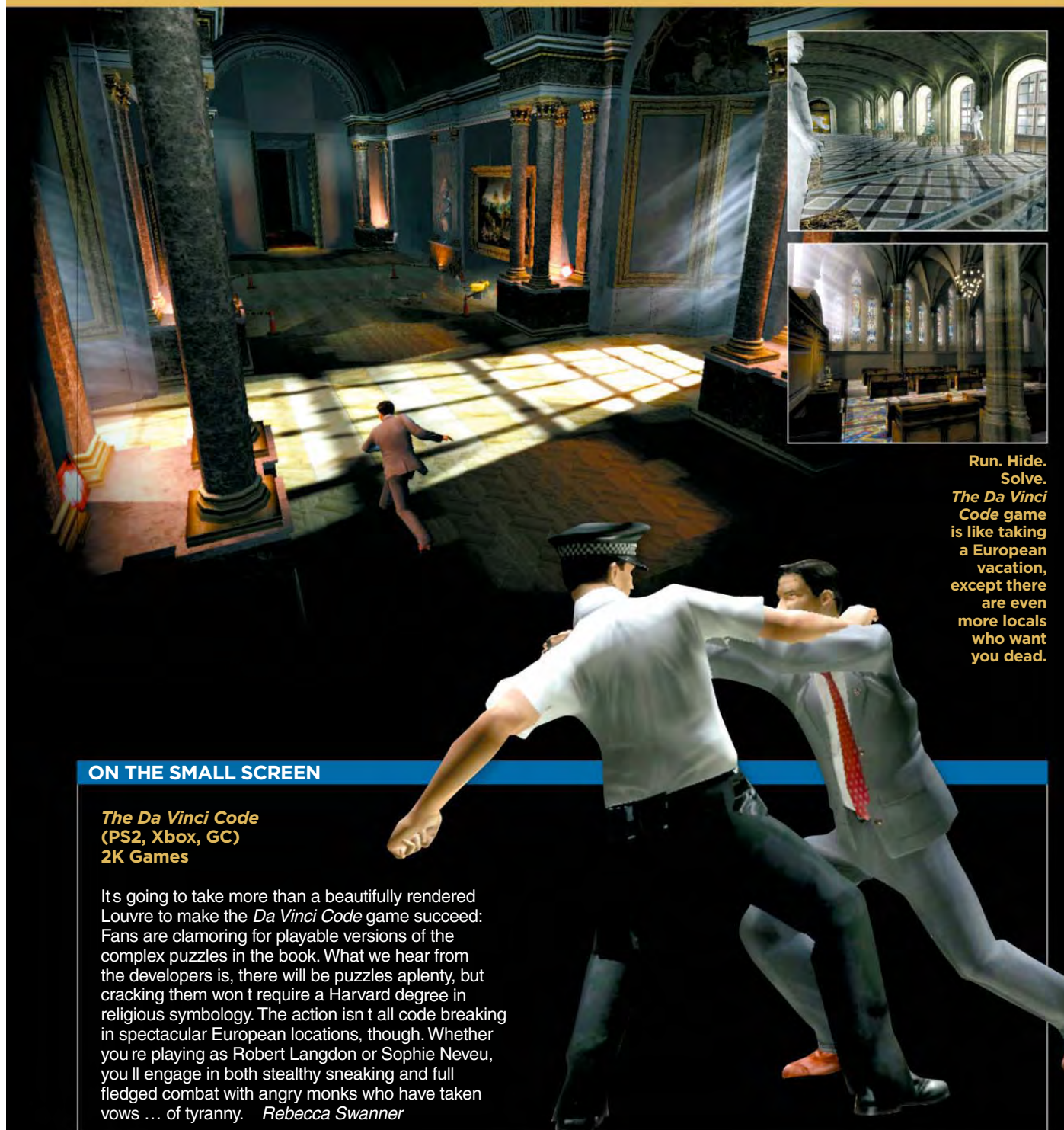
Director: Ron Howard

For the four people out there who haven't read Dan Brown's *The Da Vinci Code*, the story starts with the murder of a curator at the Louvre. This gentleman happened to be the grandmaster of the Priory of Sion, an influential, clandestine group of which Leonardo da Vinci also was purported to have been a grandmaster. When French cryptologist Sophie Neveu (Tautou) and Harvard symbologist Robert Langdon (Hanks) are called in to investigate, they find that the curator left clues pointing not only to his murderer, but also to the secret his society was sworn to protect. As the title suggests, riddles are wrapped up in the works of Leonardo.

MIXED MEDIA

To help you break the code of how a hot property like *The Da Vinci Code* translates from novel to screenplay to video game, we provide the following cheat sheet:

MOVIE	BOOK	GAME
• Is Priory grandmaster Jacques Saunière really Sophie's grandfather? •		
No	Yes	Probably, but there's nothing confirming it.
• Number of cryptex: •		
One	Two	Five
• Does Sophie witness a secret society sex ritual at Saunière's home? •		
The NC 17 scene was replaced by Saunière striking her for trying to find info on her parents.	Yes	Sophie visits the house to collect clues, not for hot orgy action.
• Do all three versions end the same? •		
Yes		



Run. Hide.
Solve.
*The Da Vinci
Code* game
is like taking
a European
vacation,
except there
are even
more locals
who want
you dead.

ON THE SMALL SCREEN

The Da Vinci Code
(PS2, Xbox, GC)
2K Games

It's going to take more than a beautifully rendered Louvre to make the *Da Vinci Code* game succeed: Fans are clamoring for playable versions of the complex puzzles in the book. What we hear from the developers is, there will be puzzles aplenty, but cracking them won't require a Harvard degree in religious symbology. The action isn't all code breaking in spectacular European locations, though. Whether you're playing as Robert Langdon or Sophie Neveu, you'll engage in both stealthy sneaking and full fledged combat with angry monks who have taken vows ... of tyranny. *Rebecca Swanner*

HEAD GEEK

Pirates of the Caribbean: Dead Man's Chest

(July 7)

I was a raving lunatic about *Pirates of the Caribbean: The Curse of the Black Pearl* well before it was a surprise hit in 2003. Gore Verbinski reminds me of a young Robert Zemeckis—he can direct regardless of genre. Horror: *The Ring*. Dramatic comedy: *The Weather Man*. Family adventure: *Pirates of the Caribbean*. All of his films are done with skill and panache.

The core cast from *Curse of the Black Pearl* is back, and then some. Joining Johnny Depp, Orlando Bloom, Keira Knightley, and Geoffrey Rush is Stellan Skarsgård as the mysterious Bootstrap Bill. We also get an H. P. Lovecraft-inspired villain, Davey Jones, who is played (somewhere under the makeup and CG) by Bill Nighy.

If you thought the last film was big, you don't know a Jerry Bruckheimer sequel. It seems that the folks behind this film decided to turn their imaginations up to maximum and give us a pirate yarn for the ages.

Disney is so confident in the *Pirates of the Caribbean* franchise that it sent the crew off to shoot back-to-back sequels, *Lord of the Rings* style. The third film will be released sometime in 2007, although I've heard we get a special preview at the end of *Dead Man's Chest*—so stay in your seat. The word on the final chapter is that it'll delve into the realm of "oriental mysticism." How cool does that sound?



You can read Harry Knowles daily at AintItCool.com.

Poseidon (May 12)

Except James Cameron, nobody's better at high-seas adventure than Wolfgang Petersen. Remember his brilliant *Das Boot*? It seemed nine hours long, but it made you cry and cheer. Or maybe you remember *The Perfect Storm*, where he put George Clooney, Dirk Diggler, and a giant weather phenomenon together. With *Poseidon*, Petersen completes his unofficial high-seas trilogy.

Petersen staged the majority of stunts and death-defying situations with real stuntmen and actors. There are only 300 digital-effects shots for this film (trust me, that's a low number). Instead, he spent the studio's money on amazing sets and tons of water.

Screenwriter Paul Attanasio (*Quiz Show*, *Donnie Brasco*) has characters that are fleshed out by actors like Richard Dreyfuss (who finally gets a bigger boat than he did in *Jaws*), Kurt Russell (the thinking man's action hero), and three of the most interesting guys in young Hollywood: Freddy Rodríguez (*Six Feet Under*), Josh Lucas (*Glory Road*), and *Entourage* star Kevin Dillon.



Nacho Libre (June 2)

Jack Black as a masked Mexican wrestler: If that was all I knew about this film, it would be enough for me to recommend it to every living soul on planet earth. This is the greatest casting of a Caucasian as a Mexican since Jack Palance played Jesus Raza in Richard Brooks's *The Professionals*.

And the premise? A priest decides to become a *luchador* (the masked Mexican wrestler) to earn money and save a local orphanage.

One of the keys to a quirky comic masterpiece is hiring Jared Hess. You may not know that name, but I'm sure you're quite aware of *Napoleon Dynamite*, in which Hess took unknown actors and created one of the biggest cult comedies in ages. *Nacho* is taken from a script he and his wife, Jerusha, cowrote with comedic genius Mike White (*Orange County*, *The Good Girl*, and the last Black and White collaboration, *The School of Rock*).

Napoleon Dynamite plus *School of Rock* equals a sure bet.



Stop.
Nacho time.
JACK BLACK
bares his ...
uh ... soul to
play Mexican
luchador
Nacho Libre.

Snakes on a Plane (August 18)

The title alone has become an Internet legend. People have formed Websites that speculate about just what the film could be, making their own T-shirts and fan clubs based on nothing but four words: *snakes on a plane*.

As ludicrous as it sounds, director David R. Ellis and Samuel L. Jackson understand just how to play this.

Ellis's films (*Final Destination 2*, *Cellular*), while not high art, show his breathless glee for carnage. And isn't that what we want from this type of film?

Sam Jackson plays an FBI agent who has to deal with "snakes on my motherfucking plane!" (I promise you he says that at his hammiest best.) In addition to the pissed-off fed, there are hilarious passengers like Lin Shaye (*There's Something About Mary*) and David Koechner (*Waiting*), who are snacks for the serpents.

With 1,300-plus visual-effects shots, more than in *The Fellowship of the Ring*, it will be the most fun you'll have this summer.



COMMENTARY TRACK

Wild Bill

» William Sanderson, who plays toady hotel proprietor E. B. Farnum on HBO's *Deadwood*, gives us the dirt on being the clown in the West's most dangerous mining town.

What is *Deadwood* about?

I'm used to westerns where the stuntmen and actors get arrested the night before they even shoot. But here, we go to work, try to get our little portion of the banquet, go home, and I don't go to a bar. Now what kind of a western is that? [Creator] David [Milch] says, *Deadwood* is not a western. It's about original sin.

The upcoming season:

[*Deadwood*] is still a sinkhole of crime and corruption. There's a lot of violence and sex. We have a great Scottish actor, Brian Cox; and this villain, George Hearst, played by Gerald McRaney. He's very good. Wyatt Earp comes to town later in the season and Hearst is the main villain. And me ... I'm always hanging by a thread.

Deadwood's misfits:

Mark Singer [wrote in the *New Yorker*], There's not a lot of trustworthiness and love in *Deadwood*. It was a place of exiles and misfits. As opposed to the upper class that settled in Connecticut—the more elite people. If [David Milch] needs [me to be] a misfit, no problem.

On playing the fool:

I [recently] had one of the biggest scenes David had given me. He said, Nobody can do this, but you're a genius. Do the best you can. When I came home my wife said, How'd it go? I said, I guess it went all right. The crew applauded when I finished. And she said, How do you know they weren't just applauding because you got through it? ... I'm kind of thinking now that I am the buffoon. But it's okay. I'm happy. I'm paying my bills, and I've got a great wife who tells me I'm not that great.

On Kris Kristofferson:

I took on an independent film [called *Disappearances*] last summer primarily to work with Kris Kristofferson. It was fun to do. Kris is one of our greatest poets. I like to think that actors come and go, but poets live forever.

On Robert Duvall and Tommy Lee Jones:

I've survived six projects with Tommy Lee Jones and two with Duvall. They cover up how little they think of other people and how much they think of themselves. I've seen [Duvall] do the most generous things—and I've seen his wrath. And Tommy asked me to do a play by Lee Blessing. He picked me up outside my hotel, and I asked, Why are you lurking in front of the hotel? And he said, I don't lurk. I loom. He's a very interesting man.



COWBOYS AND COCKSUCKERS



It ain't *Bonanza*. The hellbound, cuss-filled mining town of *Deadwood* gets filthier. The Season 2 set (\$100) has all 12 episodes, plus a 30 minute featurette on the real *Deadwood*, South Dakota; a three part doc on the finale; nine audio commentaries by creator/writer David Milch and cast members; and behind the scenes breakdowns of specific scenes.

REVIEWS

QUICK PICKS

Boondock Saints (\$27), the cult favorite about two brothers who rid their neighborhood of criminals vigilante style, arrives in an unrated special edition.

In **Stephen Tobolowsky's Birthday Party** (\$25), the character actor veteran of 150 films and dozens of TV shows (Ned Ryerson, is that you?) relates story after story about life behind the scenes.

Johnny Knoxville is **The Ringer** (\$30), a guy who fakes mental illness to rig the Special Olympics. It's morally reprehensible, but we love watching Knoxville make a jackass of himself.



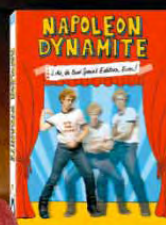
Feeling the Noise

Metal: A Headbanger's Journey (\$25) provides a look inside the oft-maligned subculture of heavy metal, courtesy of anthropologist, documentarian, and metalhead Sam Dunn. The disc includes a director's commentary track, 87 minutes of bonus material (including extended interviews), and a 20-minute doc on Norwegian black metal.



Tina, Eat Your Ham

Napoleon Dynamite (\$27) is back, and this time he has even more sweet skills. The new special edition has a short film, a wedding featurette, a new doc, and tons of *Dynamite* zeitgeist, including clips from *Saturday Night Live*, ESPN, and MTV, plus Cartoon Network's spoof *Napoleon Bonomite*.



Pound of Flesh

A murderous French butcher hires guys to do odd jobs around his place, hacks them up, and serves them to eccentric tenants. That's the recipe for the unusually fun, surreal, and visually intriguing dark comedy **Delicatessen** (\$30). Of course, since this is a French film, you know there's a weird clown in it.



Prisoners of War

If you have to send troops on a suicide mission to take out Nazi brass on the eve of D-Day, who ya gonna call? Convicted killers! The new two-disc special edition of **The Dirty Dozen** (\$27) features a stellar cast of sixties manly movie stars (Lee Marvin, Charles Bronson ... Ernest Borgnine!), two new docs, and the 1985 made-for-TV sequel.



Q&A



Thursday

» Since 2003, when Thursday released their turbulent third album, *War All the Time*, frontman **Geoff Rickly** split with his wife, suffered a debilitating stomach ailment, and watched other New Jersey groups he'd inspired rise to stardom while his band continued to play club shows. And yet, Thursday's new album, *A City by the Light Divided*—though filled with ruminations about morality, personality flaws, and doomed relationships—is their least vicious offering. With the help of Weezer and Flaming Lips producer Dave Fridmann, Thursday shed their screamo sound and crafted their most emotionally resonant album.

You were sick for a while. What happened?

I had been given this medication for nonseizing epilepsy on tour but I was allergic to it, and it was triggering ulcers. I didn't tell [my primary physician] I was on it, so no one knew what was wrong. It finally dawned on me to tell my doctor, and he was like, "Oh, that explains it." I pretty much went through all that agony for nothing. I went from being a sickly, pale kid who really couldn't manage much more than an hour of playing live to being healthy and not feeling like my body is this fragile thing. That made a huge difference in the way the finished record sounds.

We started this band as boys. I think this is the first time we're making a record as men.

Were these sessions more productive than sessions in the past?

Yeah. We spent so much time imagining what the music should be like that by the time we got into the studio, it was just *bang, bang, bang, bang*. [Producer] Dave [Fridmann] really captured it all. You can hear everything—the fights, the sex, the love—everything that went into the music.

What does it sound like?

There's definitely a Bauhaus/Joy Division thing with the keyboards, even mixing into Nine Inch Nails territory. It has some of these twitches of Skinny Puppy that I'm really excited about. I think the goth side of things is really cool and untapped in our scene. One song, "The Love Song Writer," is about how terrible people who write love songs are. I wanted this to be a rock 'n' roll *Tale of Two Cities*, but the more we got into it, it turned into this storm—this swirling amalgamation of things that were all polluting each other.

Why is this record so different from the previous ones?

I think the biggest difference is the fact that we started this band as boys. We were kids and we extended the life of our adolescence by being in a rock band, and never actually had to enter the real world. I think this is the first time we're making a record as men. Whereas there used to be righteous indignation and anger that's easy to feel as a boy, on this record we started to look in the mirror and say, *Shit, I fucked up my life. Maybe those people I was lashing out against aren't totally wrong*. There's that doubt for the first time.

Has Thursday ever tried to be poppier, like other bands on Island Records?

I guess to your average hipster, we're a pop band, but that's not the case. What we care about in music is more on the avant-garde side. When things started taking off, there were so many kids at our shows who would say, "I'm gonna start a band." That was totally a weird thing to say, but that's awesome. A bunch of them actually started coming out with bands, and a lot of them have added pop to their sound. We've never been able to add pop, even when we've tried. We'd go, "Let's make a big huge chorus," and it would sound like Yes.

Does making a reflective record mean it has to be less heavy?

It's less heavy, but I think it's a much better record. Here's the thing: I always hated bands that matured and lost that fire. I was like, *If the Who could keep the fire for their whole career, then these punk bands should be able to do the same shit*. They should be able to pull it together and put together some songs that kick you in the ass and not be wishy-washy. That always disappointed me so much, and I don't think we're doing that at all.—Jon Wiederhorn

BUILD A BAND



This year **SICK OF IT ALL** celebrate their 20th anniversary in style. Their new record, *Death to Tyrants*, is out now, and there's a tribute record (featuring Sepultura, Gorilla Biscuits, and Hatebreed) on the way and a homecoming show in New York later this year. Brothers and band founders Pete and Lou Koller give us ten ways to help your own band survive.

1. GET A GOOD PRODUCER

Lou: What a lot of hardcore bands need is good production. [Producer Tue Madsen] took our brutal live sound and cleaned it up, so it sounds really good on CD. We tried to do that on our own with *Life on the Ropes* and we just lost it. It's too muddy. Tue knew what to do without making us sound like a metalcore act.

2. PLAY SONGS LIVE

Pete: We did preproduction [on *Death to Tyrants*], which was good because we got to take it home and switch around the songs adding parts, doubling choruses, getting rid of things completely. Every time we put a record out, we'll play the songs live [afterward] and then it'll fall into place. [We'll] be like, Oh, *this* is how we should have recorded it.

3. READ THE FINE PRINT

Pete: *Scratch the Surface* was one of our heaviest records [but] Elektra signed us for being what we were. They didn't know how to push us as a band. We ran up a huge bill on the last record so it wouldn't look feasible for them to keep us on the label.

4. IGNORE DAD

Pete: [Our] dad was always like, You should see what's popular and write a song like that. But to me and the rest of the band, that's selling out.

5. FOLLOW YOUR OWN FASHION

Pete: We don't put on makeup. We don't wear skintight pants. We don't change our hair because a magazine says that's the trend. We're just guys. Instead of a hammer, I use a guitar for a living.

6. SAVE CBGB

Pete: It's really sad that New York City is letting [a club] that created hundreds of styles of music and thousands of bands die, so they can open up some shitty yuppie bar that the city doesn't need. Punk was created at CBGB. It didn't start with the Sex Pistols. It started with the Ramones.

7. DON'T BORROW FROM ARTISTS WHEN YOU CAN STEAL

Pete: Influence is good, as long as it comes out different, with your style. I listen to all types of music. I could be inspired by a Latin drumbeat and it'll come out as a Sick of It All song.

8. BE HUMBLE

Lou: When we started, we opened for Exodus. That was in 1988 and everyone was like, What is a hardcore band doing going out with a metal band? We did it again in 1991 with Sepultura. In the late nineties Earth Crisis asked us how they could expand their audience. We told them not to alienate anybody. Play with any bands you can.

9. KNOW YOUR PLACE

Lou: This one time Dicky [Barrett] from the [Mighty Mighty] Bosstones and I were in the hallway, and the guy from the opening band, Hagfish, comes out and goes, It's my two favorite singers! Dicky and I looked at each other, and Dicky goes, Don't say that. That's an insult to real singers everywhere [laughs].

10. REMEMBER YOUR ROOTS

Lou: Some bands are playing hardcore not because they love it, but because it's a stepping stone. Avenged Sevenfold turned around and said something like Hardcore is just like ska—it's passé. Why do you have to put down something that put you where you are?

UNDER THE RADAR



Discordant guitars plus a sweet voice that's reminiscent of James's Tim Booth (of "Laid" fame) are at the core of the debut record from **SOULS SHE SAID**, which is generating buzz among critics. Built from the deafening Icarus Line and indie favorites the Lilys, they've managed to cull a garage-rock sound with more bite than most.

REVIEWS



Red Hot Chili Peppers

 **Stadium Arcadium (Warner Bros.)** ★★★★★



From the very first notes of the Red Hot Chili Peppers song Tell Me Baby, we felt like we had heard the track before. Not in the sense that it's plagiarized or derivative, but because

it's familiar—like a song that's always been somewhere in the back of our mind. With the double album *Stadium Arcadium*, the Californating superstars get back to the roots that made albums like *Mothers Milk* and *Blood Sugar Sex Magik* so successful. With help from mastermind producer Rick Rubin (he was behind two of last year's most popular records—System of a Down's *Mezmerize* and Weezer's *Make Believe*), *Stadium* swings from heavy rock to love ballads. Funk, metal, and psychedelic rock meld over the course of 25 songs to make this the most Peppers sounding record in a long time.

Penthouse Pick: Tell Me Baby



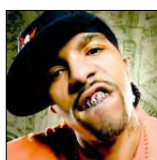
The Streets *The Hardest Way to Make an Easy Living (Vice)* ★★★★★

Mike Skinner is an expert at throwing dense rhymes over garage beats. Unlike most American rappers, his songs aren't made for bumpin' it at the club—Skinner makes you pay attention to what he's saying, and not just because it's hard to understand cockney.



Eagles of Death Metal *Death by Sexy (Downtown Records)* ★★★

This sophomore record blazes with the same classic-rock influence that fueled the band's first, only this time they take more of a retro cue, making this more Rolling Stones than Queens of the Stone Age.



Lil' Flip *I Need Mine (Sony Urban)* ★★★

On the latest record from this aggressive rapper with a Dirty South sound, there's plenty about the high life and getting it on with shorties. But the Houston native's real flow shines when he stretches out tracks with his street narrative.



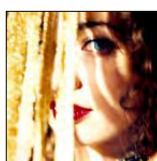
Alejandro Escovedo *The Boxing Mirror (Black Porch)* ★★★★★

Tom Waits. Bruce Springsteen. Bob Dylan. They're master singer-songwriters who thousands have tried to emulate. This John Cale-produced album proves there's another name ready for the list.



Grandaddy *Just Like the Family Cat (V2)* ★★★★★

After five albums, Grandaddy have called it quits. On their swan song, they continue with the folky, electronic, lo-fi rock that made them a fave for ten years—without forgetting to weave curious samples (like that of a jet plane) with laid-back rock.



Regina Spektor *Mary Ann Meets the Grave-diggers and Other Short Stories (Warner Bros.)* ★★★★★

A handful of the melodies here may sound like traditional pop songs, but when she makes her piano and voice soar like that of Alicia Keys or Tori Amos, you'll hear the difference.



Wolfmother *Modular (Interscope)* ★★★★★

Couched in psychedelic classic rock, it's no surprise this band's music is a favorite among hipsters to whom irony rules. But what the chic may not have realized is that even with their arena-rock guitars, Wolfmother are no poseurs.

NOTABLE MENTIONS

The Playwrights—*English Self Storage* (Sink and Stove)

Mission of Burma—*The Obliterati* (Matador)

Ministry—*Rio Grande Blood* (13th Planet/Megaforce)

Your girlfriend might like: **Jewel**—*Goodbye Alice in Wonderland* (Atlantic)

THE RETURN OF RAWK!



« DANKO JONES

Hometown: Toronto

Sounds like: AC/DC's swagger steals the White Stripes' riffs

Guitarist Angus Young may have had an impact on Danko Jones, but so did the White Stripes. Many of Danko Jones's guitar riffs sound like he's adapted Blue Orchid (off *Get Behind Me Satan*) to suit his tastes. And while Jones's guitar makes no apologies for his homage, his vocal style is more akin to Thin Lizzy's Philip Lynott.

Newest record: *Sleep Is the Enemy* (Razor and Tie)

» RYE COALITION

Hometown: Jersey City

Sounds like: Ozzy Osbourne and David Lee Roth during their solo careers

Although Dave Grohl adores this Jersey band (he produced their latest record), they're influenced more by the Prince of Darkness than by the Foo Fighters frontman—especially on songs like "Young Yellers." There's also an obvious tip of the cap to Diamond Dave on the track "Hot for Teacher."

Newest record: *Curses* (Gern Blandsten)

Are you guilty of saying

"Rock is dead"?

Maybe you just haven't been listening to the right records. Here are the bands leading rock's crotch first.



« WHITESTARR

Hometown: Los Angeles

Sounds like: Tom Petty fronts Aerosmith

Whitestarr's lead singer, Cisco Adler, might be more known as Mischa Barton's better half (or three fourths), but it was his time partying at the University of Arizona that must have disposed him to classic rock, because it shines through on his band's debut album. They answer the question: What would twenty-first century hippies be like?

Newest record: *Luv Machine* (Contango)



» THE DARKNESS

Hometown: London

Sounds like: Anthemic Queen meets arena Zeppelin

Is it serious? Is it a gimmick? For two records now, we have had a sneaking suspicion that these Brits are putting us on, but we fear we'll never know whether or not lead singer Justin Hawkins actually likes wearing uncomfortable-looking catsuits. Either way, they're one of the biggest bands responsible for kicking off this nū classic rock trend.

Newest Record: *One Way Ticket to Hell ... and Back* (Atlantic)



OTHER NÜ CLASSICS: Wolfmother, Silvertide, Little Barrie, Supagroup, Bad Wizard



VIRTUAL WORKOUT



Illustration by Young-Min Yoon

» We've heard the hype, but we had to find out for sure: Is it really possible to get in shape playing video games? Instead of testing this theory ourselves (which would entail physical exercise), we

asked a *Penthouse* reader to play three games four days a week for an hour at a time. Turns out the games had all the benefits of *Sweatin' to the Oldies*, but none of the shitty music!

WEEK 1

Dance Dance Revolution
(PS2, Xbox) Konami

Calories burned: 300/hour

This game has been popular in arcades for years, but it recently made headlines when some American high schools adopted it to entice out-of-shape kids to exercise. Since it came on the market in 2000, there have been numerous home versions of the title, each with its own song list.

Buff:

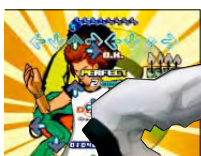
- "Each level gets increasingly difficult, which gave me a sense of achievement as I completed them."
- "The graphics, though occasionally cheesy, were entertaining to watch as I worked out."
- "I liked that the game tracks how many calories you burned *and* the number of steps you've taken."

**Weak:**

- "The constant jumping aggravated my ankle."
- "The songs started to grate on my nerves. They're very generic and a little too poppy. I would have rather used my own music."
- "The plastic dance mat slid too much on my floor—I had to constantly check to make sure my feet were aligned with the directional arrows on the pad."



Verdict: "I recommend it, but spend the extra money and pick up a more heavy-duty dance mat."

**WEEK 2**

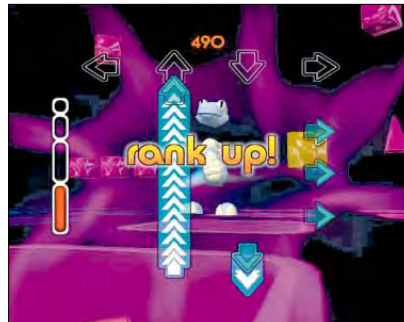
Dance Factory
(PS2, Xbox)
Vivendi Universal

Calories burned:
220/hour

Though similar to *DDR*, this title actually allows you to use any dance mat and your own music. Because it's more versatile than *Revolution*, it's made a big stir in the industry. Does it live up to the hype?

Buff:

- "I could listen to Social Distortion instead of a remix of Christina Aguilera's 'Genie in a Bottle.'"



- "Like with *Revolution*, I was able to track my calories and distance."
- "Since I already had a dance mat handy, I was happy I didn't have to purchase another one."

Weak:

- "It took way too long to upload my CDs. At nearly 20 seconds a song, sitting between records wasn't helping me burn calories."
- "When I made a misstep the game told me I'd 'porked out.' When you're trying to get in shape, that's not something you want to see."
- "The dance steps were too easy, and the graphics were boring."
- "I didn't burn as many calories with this game as I did on the other workout titles."

Verdict: "I would not recommend it. I can't imagine I would play this again."

WEEK 3

EyeToy: Kinetic
(PS2) Sony

Calories burned:
300/hour



Developed with the help of Nike, this fitness game won't have you bouncing on a mat, but you will definitely feel the burn. The wide variety of exercises means you can focus on one particular area, or go through a routine that includes cardio workouts and relaxation techniques. And since this game uses the EyeToy camera, you'll get to see yourself in action.

Buff:

- "I liked that there was a variety of exercises you could do within the game. One moment I was kickboxing and the next I was performing tai chi."
- "It was like working with a personal trainer. Plus, there isn't as much stomping on the floor as with the dance titles. It's a better game to try if you have downstairs neighbors."
- "After my session, I felt like I had gotten a full-body workout."

Weak:

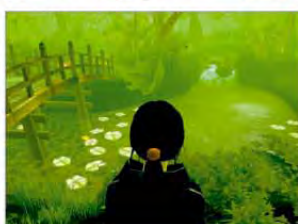
- "It's only available for PS2."
- "It requires bright light to work properly. I had to change the lighting, move my furniture, and adjust the EyeToy camera before I could begin."
- "Even after reconfiguring your gaming room, *Kinetic* can be difficult to sync up with, which is necessary if you want to play."

Verdict: "This was my favorite. Between the kicks, crunches, and stretches, I was never bored with my workout. I'd absolutely recommend it."





BEST IN SHOW



★★★★★

Dreamfall: The Longest Journey

(PC, Xbox) Aspyr

After six years, the follow-up to the critically acclaimed *The Longest Journey* is ready. Like the original, *Dreamfall* features a young heroine at the heart of a complex mystery. Although you have the ability to play as three different characters (including the first game's protagonist, April Ryan), most of the plot centers on Zoë Castillo, a sexy British twentysomething who sees eerie images of a ghost-like girl on television screens throughout the city. Fans of *The Longest Journey* will revisit worlds they first encountered years ago, and newcomers will find themselves gripped by the complex puzzles and a compelling storyline.



Lost Worlds

Dreamfall's story takes place in three different dimensions, each filled with its own secrets.



Stark The World of Science

Zoë's home bridges the gap between the modern world and a *Blade Runner* like one. It's a place where mundane activities have been advanced by technology and Big Brother is always watching.



Arcadia The World of Magic

Similar to Stark, Arcadia is home to a magical metropolis where Zoë learns vital skills that will come in handy when she arrives in the deadly world of Winter.



Winter The World Outside of Worlds

Zoë learns of this sinister dimension through frightening, unexpected visions. We don't know much about this place, except there is a house that holds unspeakable evil.



REVIEWS

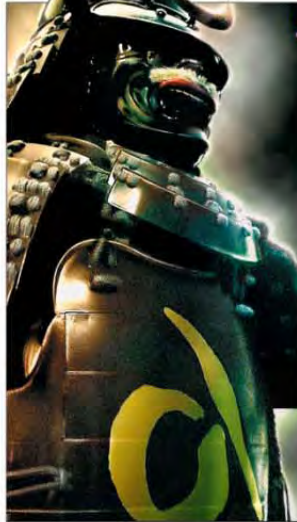


★★★

Odama

(GC) Nintendo

This quirky title set in feudal Japan isn't your traditional pinball game. Even if you're a pinball wizard, you're going to have to show some strategy to make it through these unique levels. Armed with a giant black ball (the Odama) and backed by an army of Japanese fighters, you must direct your army using vocal commands (via a microphone that attaches to your joystick)



to carry the massive bell through the gates at the top of the screen to complete each level. Use the Odama to defeat your enemies, but be careful: It can also squash your own troops flatter than sashimi.



★★

Rampage: Total Destruction

(PS2) Midway

We loved destroying buildings in the original *Rampage*, but we're a bit disappointed with this update of the classic arcade game. Whether you're playing alone—trashing cities from Las Vegas to Hong Kong as one of 30 different monsters—or competing in a destruction-fest with your friends, it all starts to feel like *Groundhog Day* since each level is essentially the same.



SEX GAME OF THE MONTH



Rub Rabbits

(DS) Sega

In this prequel to *Feel the Magic*, you'll face off against 12 other guys in a series of mini-games to win the heart of your silhouetted beauty ... and make with the love. Cue porn music? Not so fast. The game allows two players to really make a baby (instead of just living in sin) by using the touch pad to jointly cut into a wedding cake. (That's funny—Mom always told us babies came from making regrettable life decisions.)

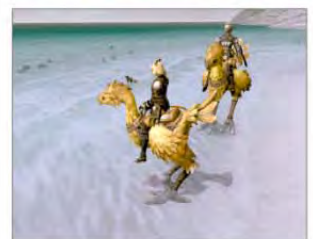


★★★★

Final Fantasy XI

(Xbox 360, PS2) Square-Enix

Do you love massive multiplayer games, but hate PCs? You'll be pleased to know that the latest in the *Final Fantasy* franchise is here for the Xbox 360 (and, later this year, the PS2). Though the game is essentially the same as the PC version, we appreciate that the developers combined all the *Final Fantasy* expansions in this new one. There are plenty of options for customizing your character as you prepare to defend your homeland against ravenous hordes and enemy nations. But it isn't all war-based—you can also discover countless hidden secrets and treasures.



CARD WARS



Perplex City

Unless we're losing at poker, we could care less about card games, including role-playing versions like *Pokémon* or *Magic: The Gathering*. So why do we like *Perplex City*? Because (a) it's cool, and (b) there's a possibility we could win \$200,000. First, you have to complete a set of 256 cards (cards come six to a pack, and some are extremely rare), each with a special puzzle and many of which are based on pop culture. These puzzles, along with the game's Website, newsletter, blogs, and other media, all provide clues to help you discover the

location of the mysterious Raceda cube. Return it and you get the hefty reward. As you solve each card, enter it on the site to update your rank against other players on the leaderboard. If you answer enough cards correctly, you'll be sent a discreet badge declaring your rank, putting you on the radar of other *Perplex City* players.

The game's creators expect it might be won this summer, a year after its launch in London. With more than 15,000 players competing for the grand prize, it's time you started cracking those codes. PerplexCity.com

USE YOUR THUMBS



Lost Magic
(DS) Taito

God is dead ... at least according to Nietzsche and this role playing game. You play a teenager whose job is to harness six types of magic to locate the seven wands the Almighty left behind when He departed the world. Feel free to use them to save us from chaos. Though we weren't in love with the game's graphic style (it looks like an original Game Boy title), its debut means the DS finally has a solid RPG, giving it a leg up on the PSP. (No mention of O.P.P.)



Field Commander
(PSP) SOE

Using your best *Risk* skills, you'll control 18 divisions of troops on land, air, and sea in 30 different missions. The A.I. is smart enough to play an enjoyable game by yourself, but the real fun is taking advantage of the various modes and maps in the multiplayer option. This includes one called Transmission, which allows long-distance players to challenge one another using a server. It's kind of like playing chess by mail, but less tedious.



Black and White: Creatures
(DS, PSP) Majesco

The two PC titles that this is based on are a bit like *Sim City*, but with a God complex. Just by clicking, you can bless or damn the inhabitants of the land you created. Beyond that, you get to raise a helper creature as either a lover or a fighter, which will impact its success in multiplayer battles. Go ahead ... work in mysterious ways.



DIGITAL VIXEN



Name:	Jennifer Arieko Kierce
Birthplace:	Ark 1
Height:	5'11"
Weight:	125 lbs.
Turn ons:	Special agent training, avenging the death of her father, wheat
Turnoffs:	Mutants, missing a shot
Favorite weapon:	Incision laser
Fun fact:	She was based on Kyra from <i>The Chronicles of Riddick</i>.
See her in:	<i>Auto Assault</i> (PC), for which she's the spokeswoman



Bobby Jenks

Every kid dreams of being the pitcher on the mound for the last out of the World Series. Last year you were that guy. How closely did it match your dreams?

Honestly, it was more than any kid could dream of. Once you're out there, it's ten times better than what you could have imagined.

Usually the pitcher and catcher start the human pile-on after the last out. What's the protocol for the last-out hug—who goes high and who goes low?

From what I've seen, the catcher always goes high and the pitcher's got to hold him up in the air for a while to let everybody catch up and pile on both of them.

Was A. J. Pierzynski tough to hold up?

I don't even remember holding him, really. He's a big dude, and when he was in my arms it felt like nothing.

White Sox television commentator Tom Paciorek,



The White Sox closer was the first rookie to save a World Series clincher.

hitters. Like, if you got somebody who's an absolute fast-ball hitter at the plate, and you got a guy on second with two outs and the guy next in the order is a better off-speed hitter, then pitch around the guy at the plate to get to the next guy, who you can pitch your fastball inside. Just looking at small things like that: different hitters, their numbers, their approaches, and putting it all together. That's what he showed me.

A lot of people think baseball is a slow-moving game, but there's a lot of fast thinking out there.

There is. Everybody says pitchers aren't supposed to go out there and think, but it's the complete opposite. You have to know each hitter and know the two hitters behind him to know who to pitch to and who to pitch around. Good decisions give you a better chance to win.

Last season lefties batted



"You have to know each hitter and know the two hitters behind him to know who to pitch to and who to pitch around. Good decisions give you a better chance to win."

who's Polish, said Pierzynski means "feather bed."

What does it really mean? Maybe it means "brick wall behind the plate."

What does Jenks mean? "He'll give you everything he's got, every day."

What's the difference between Cubs fans and White Sox fans?

White Sox fans really know baseball. They're there for the game and to support the team. Cubs fans go to the ballpark to hang out.

How does the team like Ozzie Guillen's custom of kissing his players after big wins?

That's just Ozzie. You either love him or hate him. Everybody I've met just loves the guy. What he brings to the field and what he can bring out of you on the field is just amazing.

Could you see White Sox general manager Kenny Williams and Guillen starring in an updated version of *The Odd Couple*?

I could see it, but I wouldn't watch it. You can get sick of watching those two go at it every day. It'd be funny, though. They're two completely different guys—different cultures, different backgrounds. What they each bring to the table is great.

What did reliever Dustin Hermanson teach you about mentally preparing to be a closer?

He had a big impact last season, sharing his thoughts on how to go about certain

just .105 against you, a right-hander. Why are you so tough on lefties?

I think it's because I work the inside of the plate against lefties more than I do righties. I've got a good cutter that I bury into left-handers, and an occasional circle-change that has a good delayed action away from them, which sets me up to come in on their hands.

What's the best sound you can hear on the field?

"Strike three!" 〇十一

PENTHOUSE TOP 5 BASEBALL MOVIES



Summer movie season is right around the corner, and the 2006 Major League Baseball campaign is well under way. It's a perfect time to look at the best baseball movies ever made. Here they are, with a couple of ground rules: No weepies, no Kevin Costner, and no *Field of Dreams*/waxing poetic/soft focus nostalgia jobs. Don't dispute us!

5. **The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings** This rollicking road comedy is set in 1939 and stars Billy Dee Williams, James Earl Jones, and Richard Pryor as members of a barnstorming all-black team taking on white opponents. The so-called national pastime excluded blacks from its top level until 1947; this underrated gem addresses that injustice while managing to be funny and highly entertaining.
4. **Bull Durham** Sigh. Okay, almost right out of the gate we're breaking our no Costner rule. This one has enough laughs, and enough Triple A atmosphere, to make the list. But Tim Robbins's pitching, um, lacks authenticity (to be charitable about it), Susan Sarandon's and Costner's monologues are just lame, and as ESPN's Bill Simmons has pointed out, it's a chick flick. So this is a sports movie you can watch with your girl, and that's not a bad thing.
3. **Angels in the Outfield** The 1951 original, *not* the 1994 Disney remake. You could argue that this one violates our no weepies rule, but it skirts treacle with smarts and humor, and artfully drives home the message Tug McGraw would espouse more than two decades later with the Mets: You gotta believe! It's also set in Pittsburgh's late, lamented Forbes Field, stars a gorgeous Janet Leigh, and includes cameos from Joe DiMaggio and Ty Cobb.
2. **Eight Men Out** For a take on the Black Sox scandal of 1919, we'll go with John Sayles's gritty ensemble piece starring David Strathairn, John Cusack, and Charlie Sheen over the aforementioned Iowa cornfield (and cornball) ghost story. John Anderson's Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis is pitch perfect.
1. **Bad News Bears** What's ironic about the pundits and writers who wax poetic about the game is that most of them had baseball careers that were more *Bad News Bears* than *Field of Dreams* (and they were more Timmy Lupus than Shoeless Joe). This is the movie for them, and for any of us who ever booted a grounder in Little League. (Needless to say, we're talking about the original *BNB*, with Walter Matthau.)

The Lottery Ticket

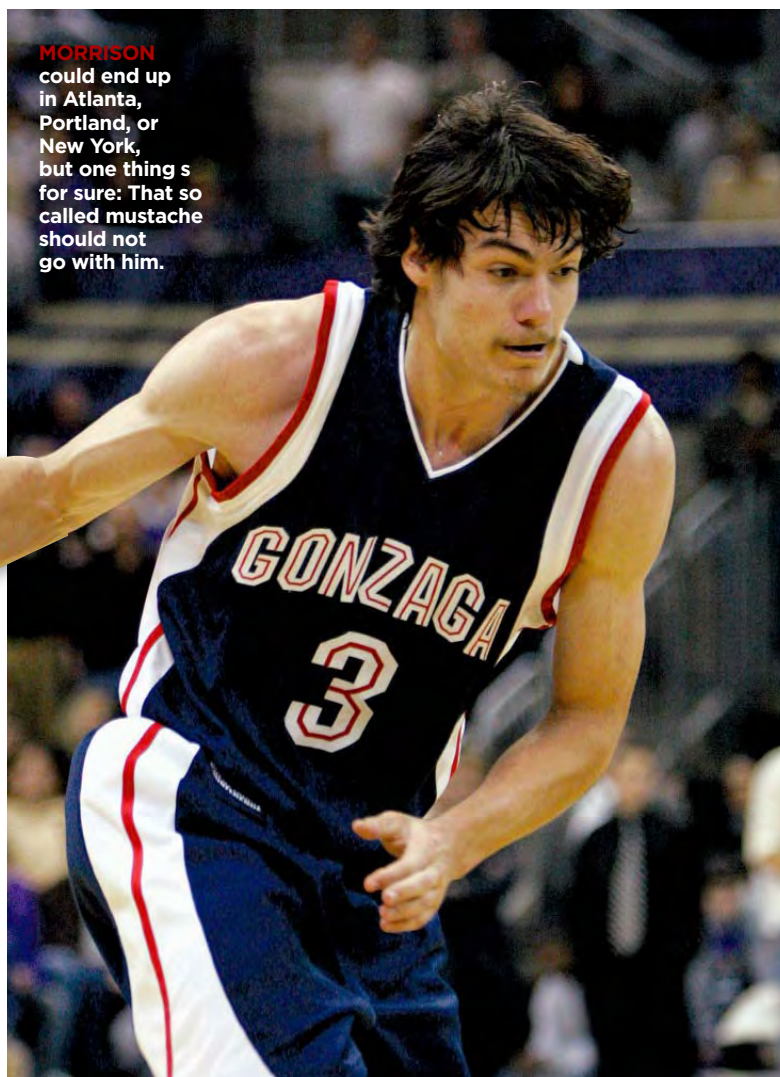
The NBA playoffs are in full swing, but one of the highlights of the basketball postseason will happen off the court, on May 23, in Secaucus, New Jersey—of all places—when the NBA draft lottery is settled. After all, barring any major injuries, the NBA Finals were set before Thanksgiving, when the Spurs and the Pistons began separating themselves from the pack. Sure, Miami may put up a fight in the East, and Dallas or Phoenix, with a healthy Amare Stoudemire, could challenge in the West. But really, would you bet against a Detroit–San Antonio final right now? (Again, unless Tim Duncan's plantar fasciitis plants him on the bench.)

By contrast, the draft lottery, also known this year as the Adam Morrison (Gonzaga)–LaMarcus Aldridge (Texas) sweepstakes, still holds a measure of suspense.

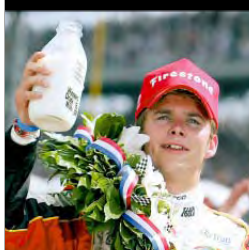
It will be closely watched in cities like Atlanta, Charlotte, New York, Portland, and Toronto, where teams are likely to have increased chances of winning the No. 1 pick, by "virtue" of their horrendous regular-season records. While there is no Patrick Ewing—in-1985 waiting in this year's draft—and indeed, the class of '06 is looking pretty weak—you can bet fans in any of these cities will celebrate if their team draws the lucky ball out of the machine.



MORRISON could end up in Atlanta, Portland, or New York, but one thing is for sure: That so called mustache should not go with him.



Ask a Sports Geek



Q: Why does the Indianapolis 500 winner drink milk after his victory?

A: This tradition started in 1936, when Louis Meyer took the first of his three Indy 500 checkered flags. Meyer was photographed after the race drinking buttermilk, a concoction his mother had told him would refresh him (for us it conjures up Will Ferrell in *Anchorman*). A local dairy executive saw the photograph and had a lightbulb moment. Officials have presented the winner with a wreath and a glass quart bottle of Grade A whole milk ever since.

LONG TWINS LOST



Former U.S. soccer star Michelle Akers



Basketball Hall of Famer Bill Walton

Lord Stanley's Cup

Following a one-year, lockout-induced hiatus, the Stanley Cup is up for grabs again this month. Here is a handful of things you may not know about sport's most iconic trophy:

■ It's the oldest trophy in professional sports—first awarded in 1893 to Montreal AAA, champions of the Amateur Hockey Association, Canada's top league at the time.

■ You probably knew that the names of the winning players, coaches, managers, and club personnel are engraved on the Stanley Cup after each championship. But how do they avoid running out of room on the trophy as the teams pile up year after year? Once a ring of the chalice is filled with engraved names—a process that takes 13 years—another one of equal size is removed from the top and retired at the Hockey Hall of Fame in Toronto, then a new ring is added to the bottom.

■ The cup is littered with misspellings—legendary goalie Jacques Plante's name has been misspelled five times; Bob Gainey's name was engraved "Gainy" in the 1970s; and New York Islanders was spelled "Ilanders" after the 1980–81 season, to name just a few typos. A display version of the Cup, which never leaves the Hockey Hall of Fame, has no misspellings.

■ Former Edmonton Oilers owner Peter Pocklington arranged to have his father's name engraved on the trophy after the Oilers won the championship in 1984. The league quickly discovered the ruse. Their solution? To stamp a series of X's over the name. Really. They remain on the Cup to this day.



Mark Messier (below) and the Rangers won the NHL in 1994, getting their names engraved—and spelled correctly—on hockey's fabled trophy (left).



He goes better with Coke: One of these two lead drivers has won three straight Coca Cola 600 s.

Sports IQ

Think you know sports?
Test your knowledge, then stump your buddies.

1. My first NASCAR race was Richard Petty's last. Who am I?
2. I will be gunning for my fourth straight Coca-Cola 600 title at the end of May, having won the previous three. Who am I?
3. Only four clubs have won the English Premier League, the world's most lucrative soccer competition, since its inception in 1992. Three of them are Manchester United, Arsenal, and Chelsea. What is the fourth?
4. The last horse to win the Triple Crown was _____ in 1978, ridden by _____.
5. On May 2, 2002, Mike Cameron of the Seattle Mariners hit four home runs in one game. Three weeks later a National League player equaled the feat, marking the first time in major league history that two players produced four-homer games in the same season. Who was the second player?

ANSWERS: 1. Jeff Gordon 2. Jimmie Johnson 3. Blackburn Rovers 4. Affirmed; Steve Cautchen 5. Shawn Green, Los Angeles Dodgers



On the Record

"I want to see
this franchise respected,
being a contender
every year,
having people come to the
Garden and saying,
**'Man,
they played
the right
way.'**"

New York Knicks coach **LARRY BROWN**,
after taking the job last summer

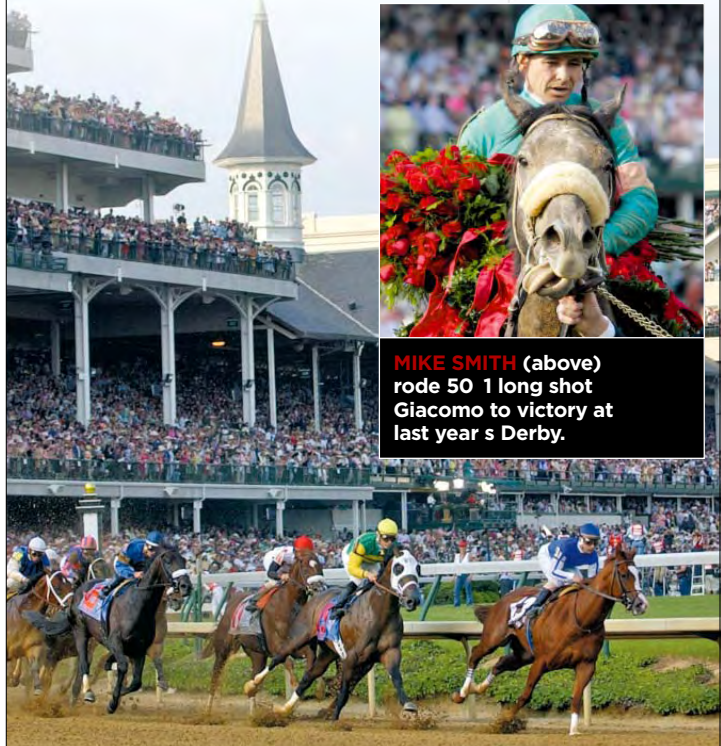
YOU CAN E-MAIL PENTHOUSE SPORTS
AT **SPORTS@PENTHOUSE.COM**

Kentucky Derby Days

The Kentucky Derby's virtues and vices have been extolled by writers from John Steinbeck ("During Derby week, Louisville is the capital of the world.... If the national elections took place today, our next president would be a horse") to William Faulkner ("the bluegrass, the virgin land rolling westward wave by dense wave from the Allegheny gaps") to Hunter S. Thompson ("The whole place will be jammed with bodies, shoulder to shoulder. The aisles will be slick with vomit; people falling down.... [D]runks pissing on themselves in the betting lines"). It has gone off on the first Saturday in May for 131 years without interruption, not even during World War I or World War II.

It's a uniquely American event—one that has always blended grace and grit, the high- and the low-brow. But now it may have gone too far in that department: Early this year, Churchill Downs officials announced a sponsorship deal, the first in the history of the Run for the Roses, with a fast-food conglomerate that owns, among other franchises, a certain fried-chicken chain from the Bluegrass State. That's right: The Kentucky Derby is now partnered with Kentucky Fried Chicken. What's next—the Boston Philharmonic teams with Boston Market? The World Series partners with a summer blockbuster movie? Oh, wait....

Commercial maneuverings aside, the 132nd Derby launches this month, raising hopes for the first Triple Crown winner since 1978. In each of the past four years, one horse has teased fans by winning the first two legs. Maybe this year it'll finally happen. *That* would be finger-lickin' good.



MIKE SMITH (above)
rode 50 1 long shot
Giacomo to victory at
last year's Derby.



DRINKSMANSHIP

Well Versed in Thirst

Stop Whining

Why do we believe fermented grape juice has to be so confusing?

Celebrity chef Jamie Oliver's sommelier orders you to stop stressing about vintage, vineyards, or varietals, and simply enjoy wine.

Wine is for everyone. Getting the most out of it doesn't mean you need to know bucketfuls of useless info before you even go near a corkscrew! Here you'll find my top seven wines for 2006. There's something for everyone: big wines, little wines, wines for love, wines for living large, wines for loose change, and wines perfect for Tuesday nights in front of the TV. You shouldn't just know about these wines—you should be drinking them.

Five-Minute Wine School

- 1. Avoid nothing.** Try it all—seriously. There are more than 1,000 grape varieties in commercial production, and life is way too short to stick to the same old safe options. Step outside your comfort zone and try new things. It's the best way to learn.
- 2. Don't be too big to ask for help.** Sommeliers (i.e., the guy or girl standing behind the counter of your local wine shop) are there to teach you to drink better. Make use of their expertise.
- 3. Don't let matching food and wine stress you out.** Have fun playing around with combinations, but never let it get in the way of enjoying a good meal. At the end of the day, pairing food and wine involves a bit of art, a bit of science, and a lot of trial and error.
- 4. Screw caps are not an indication of cheap wine.** Love them or hate them, screw caps ensure that your wine will reach you in perfect condition. They're here to stay!
- 5. The label is never going to tell you how bad the wine is.** If in doubt, ask the wine shop's sommelier for advice. Selecting a wine based on how a label looks or reads is a total minefield and should be avoided at all costs.
- 6.** Last but not least, **you generally get what you pay for.** Sorry to be the bearer of bad news, but it's especially true when it comes to wine. After you take into account packaging, shipping, taxes, and marketing, the actual value of the wine inside a \$10 bottle is only about \$2. Spend a few dollars more, and chances are you'll have a much better experience. Happy drinking!

The Big Seven for 2006

Dr. Loosen Erdener Treppchen Riesling Kabinett 2004 (\$22)

Focused and well balanced, it's pale in color and has a citrus and floral aroma. The flavor perfectly walks the line between sweetness and acidity.

Kim Crawford Sauvignon Blanc 2005 (\$16)

One hundred percent sauvignon blanc, this has aromas of passion fruit, gooseberry, and elderflower. It will become your new favorite drink for summer.

Au Bon Climat Chardonnay 2003 (\$20)

Au Bon Climat owner and winemaker Jim Clendenen possesses the Midas touch when it comes to producing world class chardonnays. He reminds you just how great this varietal can be.

Bonny Doon Big House Red 2002 (\$10)

Randall Grahm—one of my all time wine heroes—knits to gether serious winemaking with a Monty Python-like attitude. This wine is a soft, super fruity, screw capped mix of about a dozen different red varieties. It's a must-have with Friday night pizza.

Planeta "La Segreta" Rosso 2003 (\$15)

The Sicilian estate makes the deliciously drinkable La Segreta Rosso, a fruit driven mix of cabernet, merlot, and nero d'Avola. Impress people at a wine tasting by saying, "Tuscany is so yesterday—the south is where it's happening!"

Errazuriz Vinedo Chadwick 2001 (\$65)

Let this one breathe. This Chilean wine will open up and get better in the glass. Or let it age—it could definitely do with another five to seven years in the cellar. It has plenty of great smells, like ripe cassis, licorice, and sweet spice.

Pedro Ximenez Monteagudo (\$25)

Real sherry is back, and it's different from the suspect stuff your nana drinks. Perfect for matching with food, this sherry is black in color, incredibly syrupy, and super sweet. Enjoy some PX after dinner, drizzled over vanilla ice cream.

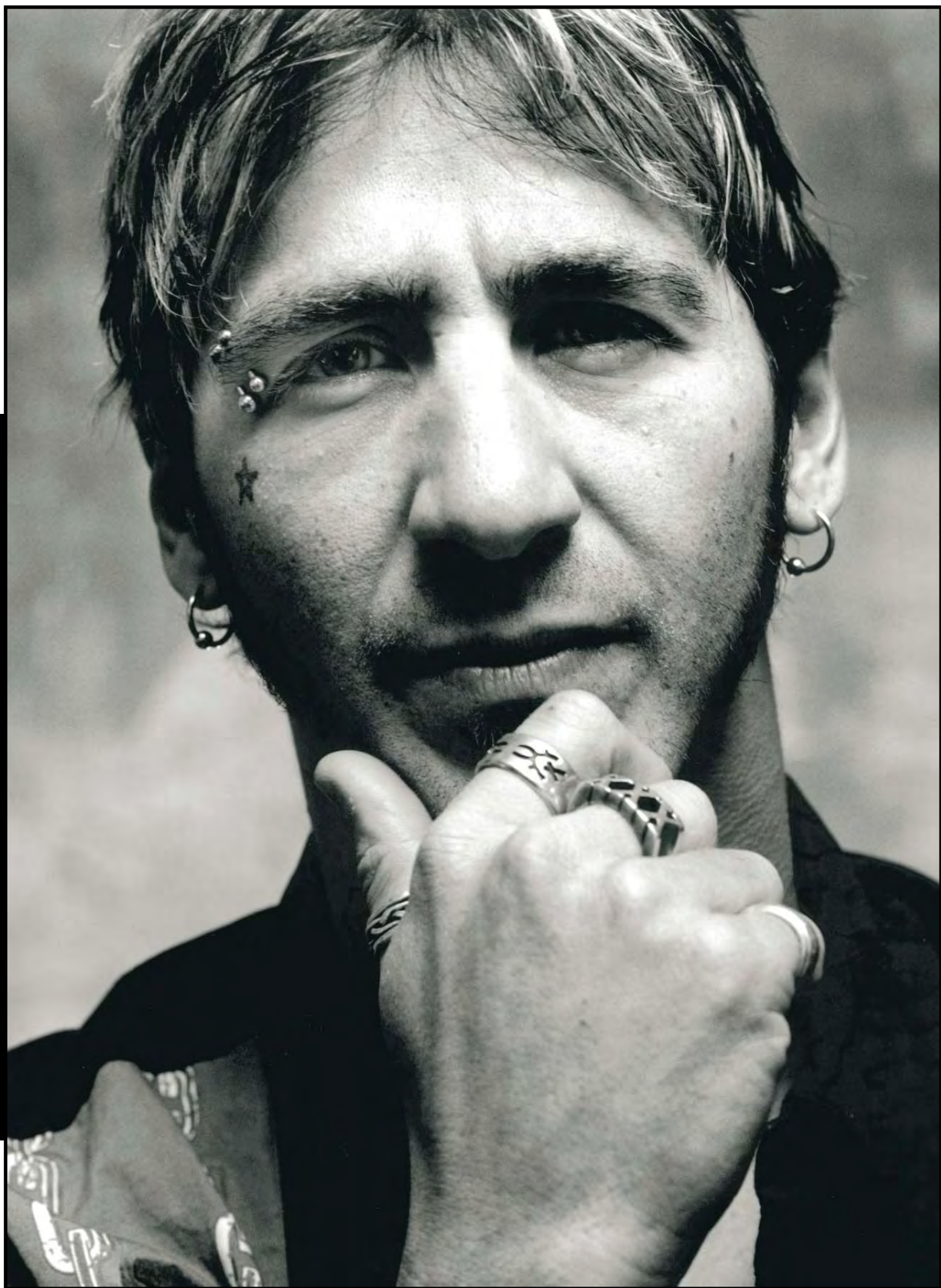
Matt Skinner's book, Thirsty Work, is in stores now.



SIN

Interview by
LIVING

Godsmack's hard-living frontman, Sully Erna, comes clean about addiction, infidelity, and other rock-star perks.



It *should* have been a year of celebration for Sully Erna. Godsmack had just finished a year on the road opening for Metallica; their 2003 record, *Faceless*, went platinum; and their acoustic follow-up EP, *The Other Side*, wasn't far from going gold.

But 2005 was hell. Erna almost lost his girlfriend, nearly broke up the band, and experienced the kind of writer's block that can drive a songwriter to suicide. But near the year's end, he began to sort out his life. With help from an unexpected source, he poured his desperation and dishonesty into writing. Taking a backseat to his traditional role as the band's sole writer and composer, Erna focused squarely on his lyrics this time and gave his bandmates room to write, making *Four* Godsmack's most diverse record.

What could possibly bring a rock star back from years of heavy partying and a near nervous breakdown? Ask Sully.

The lyrics on *Four* are candid and confessional. What inspired them?

The year 2005 was, by far, the worst fucking year of my life. My relationship went through some intense hiccups and got really funky. We'd split up for a while, then get back together. The only good that came out of it was [that] it was a real strong year for cleansing. I quit smoking and even quit drinking for eight months, which was a real accomplishment for me.

Were you a heavy drinker before that?

I was full-blown. Me and [our drummer] Shannon [Larkin] would go through two cases of beer and at least a bottle and a half of whisky a night. For every show, we'd have a case of Pedialyte on our rider because if you drink a bottle of that, the hangover's gone. Before you go onstage you drink a bottle of wine, the buzz kicks in, and you're ready to roll. After the show I'd drink heavily again, and that would lead to other shit, and I'd end up sleeping with two or three women a night. It became a vicious cycle.

Did the binge drinking ever cause a life-threatening situation?

Going through Europe, I would wake up at seven or eight in the morning and have my hand on my pulse. I would fall asleep to my heartbeat because I felt like it was going to stop, it was beating so slow. That's how scared I got. It was a really weird, gross feeling.

Were you doing drugs, too?

No. We've never been into the drug thing. We all got through that at a much younger age. The drinking was definitely the demon in my life out there. It was just very excessive—and we learned from the best, hanging out with Dimebag [Darrell] and the Pantera boys. That just kicked it to a whole other

level. Once you get them as mentors, your expectations are a lot higher when you're out there partying.

What triggered you to quit boozing?

It was a cumulative thing: the lying, the dishonesty, the feeling crappy every night. You go out. You play the show. You hit the bottle. You're drunk. The chicks are back there. The party's back there. You're the spotlight of the whole thing, and you get consumed by that. Next thing you know, you wake up the next morning and you've got some stranger in your bed who you don't give a fuck about, and you can't wait for her to get the fuck out of there. Then the next night you do it again. And it's a

addiction. In the end, I came clean with my old lady and told her about every fucking girl I ever cheated on her with.

What was that like?

It was awful, but I couldn't deal with the lies and the covering up, and lying to lie, and lying because you forgot what you lied about. For years, I fuckin' made my girlfriend think she was the biggest exaggerator, liar, and drama queen there was because I was so good at covering my shit and telling her I was out there working my ass off, and making her feel guilty.

How did she react?

I think intuitively she knew. She just



new chick, so you go, "Oh, she's hot. I haven't fucked *her* yet."

What's so bad about tipping the bottle and banging groupies?

It's crazy out there. The *Faceless* tour was awful. There were times when there were 40 or 50 people jammed on the bus. My bus used to be nicknamed the Combat Zone. It was ridiculous. It's drinking, it's women, it's fucking rock 'n' roll and getting lost in that world.

But that's every guy's fantasy.

There's a vision you have [early on] about what it's like to be a rock star. When you jump into it and start to live it, you're like, *Cool, this is what I wanted to do*. Then all of a sudden, it consumes you and turns into this awful fucking creature. You [start to] feel like Bill Murray in *Groundhog Day*. There's no satisfaction in it, and it becomes an

needed to hear it come out of my mouth. She broke down and took it like a champ, cried, and walked away. It never got to the point of eye-scratching and kicking in the balls. It was more like I broke her heart, and it was one of the saddest things I ever had to deal with.

Was that the end of your relationship?

I was lucky. Most women would have gone, "That's it, you're done." I rightfully deserved that, but she chose to put that aside and work through shit. It's been getting a lot better since then.

Couldn't you have just stopped sleeping around without telling her you cheated on her?

No. I had to tell her. Before I did it, I went to the Arizona desert for two weeks and worked with these Native American medicine men to heal and tune me back in, because I was so

stressed and I felt like I was going to snap. I never went out there with the intention of coming back and coming clean with my girlfriend. I would have taken that to my grave, but something happened. Here I was, asking for help through a higher power, and the next thing I know it just runs through my head on the plane ride home. And I went, *That's it. I'm coming clean with her. I'm gonna tell her everything.*

How did you find the shamans?

When we were on the *Awake* tour [in 2001], we brought in a counselor because the band was fighting a lot and drinking a lot. We were wrecked

my body. They also did drumming and prayers and chants to cleanse you and get rid of negativity. I came out a lot more in tune with the earth and the universe.

Are you into Native American spirituality now?

I really like it a lot. Maybe I was a Native American in another life. It's very similar to witchcraft, which I have been studying and practicing for well over a decade, and which I have several degrees in. The two complement each other really well.

Was your relationship with the band affected by your new spirituality?

know what I had to talk about anymore. I wasn't going to do an "Oh, it's been a terrible relationship" kind of record again, because I did that on the first two records. And I dealt with all my addictions on my third record.

How did you break out of that?

I decided to write about the environment I had been living in and how it was such a bad place to be, and such a fake life. I came up with "Livin' in Sin," which was the first song I wrote for the record, and it really opened the floodgates. After that, I knew exactly where I was going. It would be about coming clean and realizing that I'd lived a life of sin, but there's hope on the other side and there are better places to go.

Was the creative process different this time?

I've always written most of the material, then worked it out with the band. But with this, I detached myself from the process for a long time and just let the guys write the music, so it would feel really different than our other stuff. Also, we recorded it playing all together as a band instead of tracking all our parts separately.

What songs did you walk into the studio with?

When we were on the road we brought a little eight-track recorder with us, so we were always throwing down ideas. The guys really started to dig in when we did a yearlong tour with Metallica. We had 15 to 18 songs written before we even got into the rehearsal room, and 30 by the time we went into the studio.


What does the record's title, *Four*, mean?

When we were at the height of hooking up with girls every night, if one walked by who wasn't so hot, our old head of security used to hold up four fingers, meaning she's a four out of ten. It just became a thing.

Now that you're clean and monogamous, what do you plan to do for kicks on the road?

Man, it's way too premature to know. I'm definitely going to take someone out on the road with me who's gonna keep me in shape and keep my mind clear, whether it's a boxing instructor or a physical trainer or a nutritionist. I want somebody who I can work with every day because I get very bored after I tour for too long, and I can easily get back into the wrong things if I have nothing else to do.

You must still have some vices.

I play poker for, like, 50 hours a week. I've been in some championships. I've taken down some serious players and worked my way into the world poker tours. I'm not a champion yet, but I'll take down one of them someday. 



"You wake up and you've got some stranger in your bed who you don't give a fuck about. The next night you do it again. It's a new chick, so you go, 'Oh, she's hot. I haven't fucked her yet.'"

from touring four years straight, and we came very close to breaking up. During that process, I went away to a retreat to try to get centered and get in tune with myself and become "de-rock-star-ized." This lady I was working with introduced me to some great people in Tucson, Arizona, and one of them was a Native American medicine man.

What kind of rituals did you participate in?

They did stuff with sweat lodges, where you go into a teepee and they bring in really hot volcanic rocks. It becomes about 25 times hotter than any sauna. It breaks you down from man to spirit form. It's what the warriors did back in the day when they prepared for battle. So I went in there for two hours and it was pitch black, and when I came out, I just collapsed. I had no energy left in

It made me feel very distant from them. I started thinking, *Man, do I even want to do this? Are these the guys I want to spend the rest of my life with?* I had all this weird shit going through my head.

But then you returned to Los Angeles and started writing. Did *Four's* confessional lyrics come easily?

No. It was the toughest record I've ever written. I had never opened myself up that way before. I had never gone through those kinds of emotions. I remember calling my manager and the band and going, "I'm done. I think I'm out, because I don't have anything to write about. I don't have anything left inside of me." It was the first time in my life when I felt like a walking zombie. Months went by like that. The guys were banging out ten, 20, 30 songs, and I had nothing because I didn't

DETROIT

Star-Studded Gala

What do you get when you mix 12 Penthouse Pets, Snoop Dogg, Rock Star energy drink, and the hottest club in Detroit on Super Bowl weekend?

The sexiest soiree to ever hit the Motor City, that's what. Thousands of revelers joined in the fun at the Vault nightclub. The biggest thrill for me was dancing onstage with Snoop Dogg, says our spicy November 05 Pet **Renee Diaz**. I'll remember that for the rest of my life. I loved shaking my butt for the crowd, too. The more people cheer, the more I wiggle! Other celebs in attendance were **Usher**, **Run D.M.C.**, and enough football players to kick start our own game. We had to change our outfits several times that night with all the dancing and playing we were doing, says bodacious **Jamie Lynn** (POY 06). I was happy when we switched into our short shorts. Special thanks to Rock Star energy drink and the Vault for their stellar hospitality.



NEW YORK CITY

Giving Good Phone



"What would you do to me if I was in front of you?" asked **Victoria "Dr. Z" Zdrok** (POY '04) while on the phone at the Media Right Productions studio in New York City. The good doctor, along with April '06 Pet **Krista Ayne** (above), spent the day hosting the Penthouse Pet Talkline (1-800-946-PET1; 69 cents a minute; you must be 18 or older to call). Every month the sexy phone line has a Pet of the Month host who chats with other Pets about the intimate details of their lives—in and out of bed. "I told one caller I was talking to him while Krista was eating me out," says Victoria. "Krista blushed, which made me want her all the more."

LAS VEGAS



Awards & Decorations

"This year is extra special to me, because this time I'm arriving as a Penthouse Pet. I'm wearing the key—I've made it!" squealed sweet **Charlie Laine** (February '06) at the Adult Video News convention in Las Vegas. This year was also special because both Charlie and **Jamie Lynn** were nominated for AVN awards. "We're competing against each other for Best Solo Scene," said Jamie Lynn. "I got nominated because I'm a squirter." One of the 12 Pets signing autographs was **Sunny Leone** (POY '03), who said, "Being Pet of the Year is the most prestigious honor a girl can get in this business." **Penn Gillette** (the speaking half of Penn and Teller), **Heidi Fleiss**, **Ron Jeremy**, and Bunny Ranch owner **Dennis Hof** enjoyed the Pets' heavenly company.

LAS VEGAS



WANNA PARTY WITH PENTHOUSE PETS?

Log on to Penthouse.com to find the latest event in your area, or tell us where you think we should go next. Send suggestions to: *Penthouse* magazine, c/o Promotions Department, 2 Penn Plaza, Eleventh Floor, Suite 1125, New York, N.Y. 10121, and we may drop by sooner than you think.



PRETTY PINK



"I'm more of a Mary Ann than a Ginger," says Atlanta native Nikky Case. But don't get her wrong—this Georgia peach is no wallflower. "I think shy girls make the best lovers. My partners realize very quickly that quiet little Mary Ann is really kinky Nikky!"

Photographs by Viv Thomas



We're looking for the hottest girls in America.
Go to PenthouseModels.com





"I wear skimpy lingerie under my clothes so I always feel sexy, the 22-year-old grad student says. "And sometimes my late night study sessions can get a little wild."



"I get really stressed around exam time," Nikky explains, "and there's no better way to relieve that tension than mutual masturbation with a cute guy ... or girl."







"I don't jump right into bed, Nikky reveals. "I like to satisfy a lover without intercourse for a while, so I can really get to know his body. Then when we do go all the way, it rocks our world. Let Nikky rock your world at Penthouse.com/nikky.



Interview by Harry Knowles



J. J. Abrams created two of television's most exciting shows, but until recently he had never directed for the big screen. When Tom Cruise asked him to take command of the new, and troubled, *Mission: Impossible* movie—with a budget somewhere in the \$250 million range—Abrams immediately said yes. Then he laid down conditions.

MISSION



(Left to right)
J. J. Abrams
sets up a shot
on location
in Shanghai;
Cruise and Abrams
share a quiet
moment; then
J.J. attempts
to blow him up.



MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE

Eight years ago, a relatively inexperienced 30-year-old New York writer created *Felicity*, a TV show about a young woman making it through college in the big city. This year he's helming *Mission: Impossible III*, once again starring Tom Cruise as Ethan Hunt and featuring Philip Seymour Hoffman as the villain (and *Felicity* star Keri Russell as a new IMF recruit).

If you're wondering whether someone at Paramount has lost his mind—putting one of the studio's most expensive and successful franchises in the hands of a director who's never made a movie before—consider this: Abrams created the



You must have felt like you were a kid in a candy store, since you could do anything you could think of.

It's insane. It's like working on *Alias*, which is always fun. The truth is, in the beginning we'd write these really elaborate set pieces, and when it would come time to shoot them, we'd realize we needed to pare them down to the absolute bare essentials. Even there we'd be limited in so many different ways.

One of my favorite things about the spy genre is the pieces. Famously, from the *Mission: Impossible* series. It's so funny, going back and reading what the experiences were like actually making the [TV] show, because it was literally verbatim my problem on *Alias*. That kind of storytelling demands pieces. You need dozens and dozens if not hundreds or thousands of pieces to connect, to tell the steps and the stages of these kinds of operations being executed.

On a television show, every time you have a piece—whether it's an insert or a moment with an actor—that's hours of shooting. You literally can't do what you want, with the exception of maybe the pilot, when you have more days and some more money. So, realizing we can now do all these shots, you have to say, "Okay, just because we can doesn't mean we should. Where are the moments we don't need?" Because we don't want [the movie] to become a laborious sequence of moments where [the audience is] like, "Can you please just fuckin' get to the point?"

What's it like to be able to bring your writing to life on a scale you've never been allowed to before?

It's funny, because for better or worse, writing on *Alias* or *Lost*, I would often write things that were just at the edges of my imagination and what I thought was possible. It was never about what TV would allow me to do. There's one thing in *Alias*, the episode we did that aired after the Super Bowl, where [Sydney Bristow] is fighting a guy on an airplane. [She] shoots at the window, the door pops off, and the guy goes flying out and gets sucked into the engine.

The fun of this was being in that same mode of "What's the most compelling, fun sequence? What's the story that works the best, and how do we make this thing beat for beat the most exciting it can be?" The process was truly identical to what we would do on *Alias*. It's just at the point of execution that you realize you're not shooting on Olive Avenue in Burbank for the Vatican. You're actually at the Vatican [laughs].

"YOU DON'T NEED TO REMEMBER A THING ABOUT THE FIRST TWO MOVIES TO WATCH THIS ONE."

Jennifer Garner spy-thriller *Alias* and the brilliantly complex *Lost*, and he was the writer of director Michael Bay's *Armageddon*. So while Abrams is at the pinnacle of his TV career, he's content returning to his action roots with *M:I III*.

You're going from the top of the television heap to a movie for Paramount, which can say, "We're sinking a quarter billion dollars into this film, so we can choose who you work with." How do you decide which fights to fight?

That's a great question. The answer is, in my gut I knew that Scott Chambliss, who was the production designer on *Alias* and *Felicity*, had not just the skill set and the aesthetic, but also the shorthand with me. Having worked, at that point, on three seasons of a spy show with me, [we shared] a common language [and he knew] how to make it happen, as long as he had the support team he needed. He blew everyone away by delivering incredible set design and beautiful work.

By the way, you get no cooperation with the Vatican. There was this one scene that I needed with Jonathan Rhys-Meyers going into the Vatican, so I brought these three beautiful women in bikinis and these three older women dressed as nuns and set up a fake production with cameras, tents, lights, and everything about half a block away. Within half an hour, a massive crowd was surrounding this totally bogus and ridiculous shoot. Meanwhile, when we were ready to shoot, Rhys-Meyers ran out of the van. We had one guy with a Steadicam, and we got the shot we needed; it's in the movie. It was a scramble. Total guerrilla filmmaking in the midst of this mega-budget Tom Cruise movie. It was so funny.

What did you think of the original *Mission: Impossible* series?

The TV show? I fuckin' loved it. I loved the sense of this team of really cool, true pros working together, plotting and executing these intricate missions. I felt that was something the film

series never really embraced. The IMF [Impossible Missions Force]—I just never quite understood what they were in the two films. You got a taste of it at the beginning, but once the movie began and [Ethan's] team was killed, you were kind of left high and dry. Then it was just about him.

What'd you think of the films?

I enjoyed the first one a lot, especially its first half, which had the vibe I loved. One of the high points is in the middle, when Ethan Hunt crosses paths with Jim Phelps [played by Jon Voight] at the train station. It's that classic creepy, De Palma—at-his-best moment of shock to see Voight back in the movie. That was really fun. But from that point on it got a little confusing and slightly hard to follow. Then the finale with the train and helicopter in the tunnel, it was just so over-the-top that it was hard to ... you know, it was fun, but not credible.

And the sequel?

The second movie, in many ways for me, wasn't really a *Mission: Impossible* movie. It didn't really have that sense of the team, which I loved from the show and much of the first film. And even though I'm a fan of John Woo, it felt like the movie was so Woo-icized that it was more about that in some ways.

So, coming onto a series that's had some stuttering steps, what do you do? Even before you came on, this movie was having problems keeping people. David Fincher [Se7en] was named as director, then Joe Carnahan [Narc].

First of all, I'm dying to see Fincher's version of this movie. I would love that. Having said that, I'm a real fan of *Narc* and would love to see what Carnahan would do. Every time they announced a director for this movie, I was psyched. I was a little more psyched when they announced me, but I was thrilled for those guys, too.

The truth is, Tom asked if I was interested in directing and I said yes before he could finish asking me. I hadn't seen a script. I didn't know what the story was in any detail.

Whose script was it at that point?

The last writer was [Frank] Darabont [*The Green Mile*]. The writing was brilliant. He's one of my favorites, and by the way, [it's] a movie I still would love to see, whether it's called *Mission: Impossible* or not. But to be asked to direct something that is just not in the tone of what you would want to do is a tricky prospect. On the one hand, y'know, Yes, I'm in. On

move to make, and he rearranged [the schedule] of four different studios, hundreds of people, and untold millions, if not billions, of dollars. He made this maneuver happen so that at the end of it, in the blink of an eye—in slam-dunking this basket—he and Spielberg moved up *War of the Worlds*, they pushed back *Munich*, and they changed the start date for *Mission: Impossible III*. It was like *shh-shhick-shh*—and all of a sudden everything was in its place.

So where did you start when you began creating your version of *Mission: Impossible*?

Tom Cruise is closer to 40 now than to 20, you know what I mean? He's not a kid. It was fascinating getting to know him little by little and seeing that he is incredibly good-hearted, smart, well-meaning, and well-intentioned. He's just passionate and loves movies like crazy. He understands structure



“THEY KILL MOTHERFUCKERS. THESE GUYS ARE DARK. THEY DO WHATEVER THEY HAVE TO DO.”

the other hand, *Can I really do that justice?* Do I want my first movie, regardless of who's involved or what the title is, to be a movie that is just not what I would naturally be attracted to?

The storyline, as beautiful and complex as it was, was just not the kind of movie that if you said to me, “What would you want to do?” I would say, “That.” So despite the obvious allure of this opportunity, I told Tom it really wasn't my *Mission: Impossible*. I had to say, “Yes, I want to direct this movie, but that's just not the movie I think I can do justice to.”

Do you think delaying *Mission: Impossible III* by a year contributed to the entire Paramount regime changing?

You never know exactly what leads to what, but I would say there was a moment—and this is all behind-the-scenes stuff that I sort of saw happening—when Steven Spielberg was going to do *Munich*, Tom was going to do *Mission: Impossible*, and a year later they were going to do *War of the Worlds*. Tom, like Michael Jordan in his prime, saw this as a

and story in a way that any writer would envy.

I started asking myself, *Who is Ethan Hunt? How do you exist as a man and do the kind of shit he apparently does in his world?* These guys kill motherfuckers. These guys are dark. They will do whatever they have to do. If it's illegal, that's unfortunate, but it doesn't get in their way. This is a team of—when they need to be—lethal savages.

What happens when, at around that age, you start to think, *Am I going to have a family? What's my legacy going to be? Is it just my work?*

And it's all work you don't get credit for.

That's right. It's invisible! So the question is, How does that man survive? And without getting into the kind of a drama where you go, “Ahh, I came to see *Mission: Impossible*, not *Ordinary People*.” In my favorite movies, whether it's *Die Hard* or *Jaws* or *Tootsie* or *Back to the Future*, you see that 20, 30, or 40 minutes were invested in getting to know who these

people were. You care about them and understand their condition before a gunshot is fired, or before a DeLorean races back in time, or whatever.

To me, the fun was saying, "My version of *Mission: Impossible* is one that is diving right into the emotional question of who this guy is in this moment in his life and how that conflicts with the things he has been doing and the kind of jobs he has had in the past." It doesn't deny the first two films, by the way, but it also doesn't rely on them. You don't need to remember a thing about the first two movies to watch this one.

So what did you decide to do in terms of putting his team together? Who offsets Ethan Hunt's skills?

The truth is, Ethan just happens to be an all-around talent. As genius as you can be, one man does not an army make. We needed to use other people. Not just in terms of "you can only

occupy one place at one time," but the fun of seeing how these guys work together. It was about giving the whole team a sense of professionalism and confidence. There's one guy who is the wheelman, and there's someone else who is a little more stealth. This was more about watching a group that, ostensibly, has equal skill sets, plotting and executing a really intricate operation.

So you've got Ving Rhames, who is back and really strong in this movie. Rather than just being the exposition man or comic relief, he's a guy who, while very funny in the movie and having a great tone, you get to hear his point of view, especially on relationships and marriage. It applies very specifically to where Ethan Hunt is in his life.

You have Maggie Q, who, besides being impossibly gorgeous, is about as lethal and tough as they come. Rhys-Meyers is such a superstar that seeing him with Tom was really fun. You had a guy who

is in his mid-twenties who has this charisma that's painfully strong, and with Tom—the two of them together were combustible and just great.

So you've got these four working together, and then you've got Laurence Fishburne and Billy Crudup working back at IMF headquarters.

One of the people I'm very curious to see how you use in the film is Simon Pegg [*Shaun of the Dead*].

God, I cannot fuckin' say enough about that guy. First of all, if I've ever been in love with a man, it is Simon. The guy is a god. Part of this, I'm sure, is just my sycophantic appreciation of his work, but I loved him for the same reason I was excited about everyone else in the movie—it was an opportunity to work with actors and either use them in ways you've never seen them before, like Phil Hoffman, or someone like Simon, who you know is a slam dunk if you need a character with some quirks to be kind of funny.

I am convinced there is no possible way Tom Cruise can win if Philip Seymour Hoffman is the bad guy. Cruise is totally fucked!

[Laughs] Well, he is so fucking good in this movie. I met Phil just after college, like 18 years ago, and have sort of known him on and off since then. But watching him, his career, and his unbelievable skill as an actor, I've wanted to work with him forever.

So when this came up and we started writing this charac-

ter—not trying to think about personality, just sort of what's the guy like as a character—it immediately came to me that it should be Phil Hoffman. I called him up and he was interested. One of the things that got me excited was, this guy is so damn good, you could probably give him scripts from the third season of the *Batman* TV show and he'd probably win an Oscar.

The genius of [Hoffman] is that you can give him the kind of moments that would be silly in lesser hands and just let him do his thing. I'm not saying throw bad writing at him so he can elevate it, but I was talking to Tom Cruise about this one scene on the airplane—the one that's in the trailer—and Tom was like, "Let's talk about other bad guys." We talked about [Anthony] Hopkins as Hannibal Lecter, [Alan] Rickman and his work in *Die Hard* as [Hans] Gruber, and John Malkovich in *In the Line of Fire*. I was like, "Fuck!" I just felt this wall of erudite-sophisticate bad guys, and I was so sick of that.

If you go back to Hopkins prior to *Silence of the Lambs*, or Rickman prior to *Die Hard*, they were just really great actors and then they played villains better than anyone.

That's the thing. My feeling was, I've seen so much of that that I don't want to do another guy who's like, "Let me explain to you, Mr. Hunt ... " My friend Matt Reeves, who worked on *Felicity*, [and I], we've had this thing since we were 13 or 14 years old where he does this, [well-bred accent] "Mr. Bond! So good of you to come to our little party. Please, come inside!" I would hear in my head the silly, over-the-top James Bond-ian bad guy.

What was so cool with Phil was, this is the guy who can play the fuckin' savage, bruiser motherfucker who will say to you—even while captured and in the fuckin' hot seat—"You know what I'm going to do next? I'm going to find her, your wife or your girlfriend. I'm going to hurt her. I'm going to make her bleed." He could say shit to you while he is in a totally vulnerable, powerless position and sell it, and make you scared because you know he means it.

It was just the opportunity of a lifetime to use a good actor who happens to have that natural ability to make you believe what he's telling you, and put words in his mouth that are at the core of what you want to see someone like Ethan Hunt have to deal with. He just brought it, and was intense and tough and funny.

What have you done with Michelle Monaghan?


The thing that makes me insane is when any character, whether male or female, is just objectified as the "prize" or the "good-looking person." She plays Ethan Hunt's love interest. She's an incredibly competent, capable woman—like a real person. She's a nurse at a Virginia hospital, very athletic, and one of the things that she and Ethan have bonded over is their love of extreme-sports stuff. They're a good pair.

Where did you find her?

I called [director] Shane Black [*Kiss Kiss, Bang Bang*], who I knew, and said, "Look, I'm doing this movie ..." And he was like, "[Michelle] is the greatest ever. Game for anything, works her ass off." Literally, he would not shut up. I was like, "Can I see your movie?" He said yes, so I went over and watched it with him. This was well before it came out, and I thought, *Yeah, that's her.*

What are you going to work on after *Mission: Impossible*?

The fact is, doing this movie literally was the manifestation of—as I'm sure you can imagine—a lifelong dream. Whatever I'm able to do next, whatever they have me do, I want to make sure it's something I care about, it feels like it's worth anyone's time to go see, and it's meaningful.

I love doing *Lost*. My feeling is that going back to *Lost* would be very satisfying, and I cannot wait to go back and direct another episode. I gotta get out there again, and I want to make sure it's the right time for my family and it's the right project. Hopefully after this movie they'll still let me direct. 





ADVISE & DISSENT

What I've Learned That You Should Know



The author is an attorney whose legal commentary has appeared on FindLaw .com, CNN .com, Court TV, NPR, and *Good Morning America*. She is also the author of the erotic thriller *3* (Plume Books).

Animal Wrongs

Our laws should **catch up to science** and **acknowledge** what all pet owners know: Pets' value far transcends their **market price**, and they **deserve** our help and protection.



Dog might be man's best friend, but we're not his—yet.

The more we learn about dogs, cats, and other mammals, the more human they seem. German researchers have shown that a border collie can learn a 250-word vocabulary. And even lowly rats, a study showed, have the sophistication to distinguish Dutch from Japanese.

Dogs know our own personal languages as well: They excel at reading our emotional cues. Time spent with them lowers our blood pressure, heart rate, and anxiety levels. Dogs can even ward off depression.

It's no wonder that dogs can both understand and calm us:

Emotionally, they are much like us. University of Texas at Austin researcher Samuel Gosling notes that the four dimensions of canine personality—sociability, affection, emotional stability, and competence (defined as a mix of obedience and intelligence)—are “remarkably similar to the four basic categories of human personality found in standard psychological tests.”

So why did the government ignore pets stranded by Hurricane Katrina, leaving private groups to do the job as best they could?

The short answer is that pets are considered property under the law—the same as your iPod

or electric razor. So if a dog or cat dies as a result of negligence, the most the law will typically award to the bereaved owner is the cost of replacing the pet with a similar animal. In the case of a mutt, that's zero dollars.

Organizations like the Animal Legal Defense Fund are pressing for federal legislation to ensure that the post-Katrina tragedy—with stranded, starving pets waiting for help that came slowly or not at all—never recurs. The proposed bill is a good idea. But even if it passed, the law would still be restricted to emergencies.

Of course, your own particular pet isn't likely to get caught in a natural disaster. But he could eas-

ily be evicted, harmed, or even killed as a result of the law's disregard for his worth. Sometimes, it turns out, animals are actually treated *worse* than property. No one questions your right to bring your loud sound system from apartment to apartment, even though your downstairs neighbors may wish you wouldn't. But unlike audio tech, dogs can be presumed guilty of being a nuisance before they even move in.

Landlords can *legally* have a no-pets, no-exceptions policy. Occasionally, the elderly and disabled can force their pets in, but that's it. So even if you have a perfectly trained dog; a dog so old it can barely move, let alone bark; or a basenji—the African barkless dog—you're out of luck. The U.S. Supreme Court held in 1977 that you have a right to have even long-lost relatives come share your home (don't tell your no-good cousin)—but such a right does not exist for a beloved pet who's always been a part of your family.

Even if you do find a dog-friendly landlord, your troubles are far from over. Suppose Bud the beagle-terrier gets loose, follows his nose, and ends up in a faraway shelter. You've "chipped" him with a numbered implant, injected by your vet. Now you put his photo up on lost-pet Websites and paper the neighborhood with HAVE YOU SEEN MY DOG? REWARD!!!! posters featuring his grinning, drooling photo. Yet the shelter euthanizes Bud—without bothering to lift a finger to search for his owner.

Devastated, you'd like to sue. Too bad: You have little or no remedy—unless you're lucky enough to live in one of the few states that, in civil suits, are beginning to recognize owners' emotional distress when a pet is the victim of fatal negligence. (Notably, the pet's own distress at being summarily executed is left out of the equation entirely; after all, it's only a piece of property.)

What about criminal prosecution? You might think the kind of careless killing that occurs when a

shelter doesn't even check whether or not a stray is owned would fall under animal-cruelty statutes. But you'd be wrong. Negligently killing an animal does not, under criminal law, typically amount to animal cruelty—even if the negligence is gross, as in our shelter example.

And it gets worse: Even *premeditated* animal killing—acts that would be first-degree murder if the victim were human—may result in a mere misdemeanor conviction. A shocking 1997 Iowa case

your dog's medical expenses on your tax return, just as you could a child's—after all, he's a dependent, too.

And if someone hurt or killed your pet, intentionally or negligently, damages wouldn't be limited to his market value. The court would consider that this was a loss of life, not just a loss of property.

It's true that veterinary malpractice costs would go up—but only because veterinarians would be paying the actual cost of their neg-



in which three teens bludgeoned 16 shelter cats to death with baseball bats—yet were convicted only of misdemeanors—made some headway in changing public opinion (and Iowa's statutes), but we still have a long way to go.

Police should be able to put away the person who tortures or kills a pet *before* he or she hurts a spouse or a child. Even when a battering victim is too terrified to testify, an animal corpse can speak volumes.

What if we didn't treat animals like this? What might the world look like if the law reflected the true value of companion animals?

You might be able to deduct

ligence. Currently, even the worst veterinarians get a free pass, with malpractice insurance procurable for only a \$200 premium per \$1 million of coverage. For the cost of a few neuterings, a vet can operate in what is, in effect, a liability-free zone.

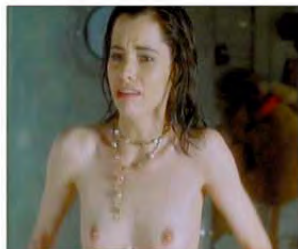
It's absurd to look to the resale value of a companion whom we'd never sell or give away. It's absurd to pretend that animals, who love and suffer as we do, are no more significant in our world than the latest flat-screen TV. The law needs to look at animals and see them as they really are—rather than continuing to force them into a legal category where they never really belonged in the first place. ☹️

Even those who aren't animal lovers should pay attention when brutal crimes against animals are under-punished—those who torture and kill animals are likely to go on (or, in some cases, grow up) to torture and kill humans, too. The FBI has even incorporated animal killing and torture into its serial-killer profile. Jeffrey Dahmer's neighbors reported finding impaled cat and dog parts nearby; animal abuse is both a warning sign and a predictor.

VIRGINIA'S SUMPTUOUS Skyscrapers

PARKER POSEY

Ever since 1987's cheese-ball *Superman IV: The Quest for Peace*, it's seemed as if someone strapped a kryptonite anchor to the movie career of the strange visitor from another planet. But just like the Caped Crusader's high-tech, deep-impact makeover in last year's *Batman Begins*, Clark Kent and company are leaping back onto multiplex screens in the sleek and smart *Superman Returns*, starring newcomer Brandon Routh in the title role, Kate Bosworth as Lois Lane, and Kevin Spacey as bad



guy Lex Luthor. Behind every maniacal man is a wicked woman, and Lex's lethal lady, Kitty Kowalski, is electrifyingly portrayed by impish indie-flick vixen Parker Posey. Although hard-bodied brunette Parker doesn't peel down in *Superman*, she does boast a track record for revealing a delectably dainty rack that's, well, super. My pick for the premier presentation of Parker's posies is the 1998 drama *The Misadventures of Margaret*. At the one-hour ten-minute mark, she strips for a bath and bares her bite-size baubles most bountifully. You'll feel like the Man of Steel yourself ... where it counts.

SANDRA BULLOCK

In *The Lake House*, a remake of the Korean hit *Il Mare* (2000), Sandra Bullock aims to recapture her title of "America's sweetheart" by teaming up again with Keanu Reeves, her costar in *Speed* (1994)—the movie that initially catapulted her to stardom. *The Lake House* centers on a doctor, played by Bullock, who corresponds with an architect (Reeves) via letters that may be traveling through time. Despite the film's flirtation with fantasy, Sandra fans hoping to see her nude will find themselves up a creek. For a hot splash of



multiple-position, jungle-sex grapple with Craig Sheffer. Forget about Sandra being a sweetheart and *Fire* yourself up as you watch her sweat.

several best-selling books and CDs. Now it gets the movie treatment from maverick filmmaker Robert Altman. Among the

"At the one-hour ten-minute mark, Parker strips and bares her bite-size baubles most bountifully."

Sandra's flesh, then, paddle over to the Luis Llosa flick *Fire on the Amazon* (1993). Fifty minutes into this low-budget adventure, Sandra ignites the screen with a feverish, fully nude,

VIRGINIA MADSEN

Garrison Keillor's radio program "A Prairie Home Companion," which chronicles the fictional town of Lake Wobegon, Minnesota, has spawned

Midwestern beauties who populate the big-screen *Prairie* is mega-buxom blonde Virginia Madsen, who plays a character called "the Dangerous Woman." A single look at voluptuous Virginia makes plain that this was a role she was born to fill out, although she keeps covered in this tale of modest Protestants. For more delightfully dangerous dollops of Virginia, follow her to the urban enclaves of the thriller *Gotham* (1988). She appears nude several times, most spectacularly at the 51-minute mark, whereupon mountain-mammared Ms. Madsen sprawls out topless on the floor. When it comes to Virginia's sumptuous skyscrapers, there's just no getting over *Gotham*.



By Kara Wahlgren



WORKPLACE BEATDOWNS

A recent national survey found that almost half of American workers experience abuse on the job, and it usually comes from customers, clients, or patients. More than 40 percent of workers said they had been threatened, insulted, or yelled at on the job, and six percent said they had been physically assaulted. But even if you butt heads with your cube-mates, the

general public poses the biggest threat. Thirteen percent of workers said their boss was abusive, and 15 percent battled with coworkers—but a whopping 25 percent said the abuse came from customers or clients. Fend off aggression by speaking calmly and asking the jackass respectful questions, like “How can we solve this problem?”

Feel like your job is kicking your ass? Maybe it is—more than 40 percent of workers say they’ve experienced aggression in the workplace.



HEALTH NEWS

Exercise Exam

It's final-exam time! Here's a short test of your fitness IQ.

1. ☐ True ☐ False **You should stretch before you do any exercise.**
2. ☐ True ☐ False **The fewer crunches you do, the better.**
3. ☐ True ☐ False **If you're not sore, you didn't work out hard enough.**
4. ☐ True ☐ False **Late-night snacking won't make you fat.**
5. ☐ True ☐ False **Energy drinks will help you work out harder.**
6. ☐ True ☐ False **Exercise can decrease your risk for heart disease in less than a month.**
7. ☐ True ☐ False **You should reach your target weight before you start weight training.**
8. ☐ True ☐ False **Weights first, cardio second.**

Answer Key:

1. False

Warm up before you stretch. That doesn't mean you need to do your entire cardio routine—just roll out your wrists and ankles, then do five minutes of light activity, like walking or jumping rope. Then stretch, do your usual workout, and stretch again.

2. True

Quality trumps quantity, so you're better off doing 25 perfect crunches than 100 sloppy ones. Take two seconds to lift and two seconds to lower, and make sure your abs—not your shoulders or neck—feel the burn. And don't skip cardio, because all the crunches in the world won't give you washboard abs if they're buried under a layer of flab.

3. False

Don't judge your workout by your aspirin consumption the next day. Focus on less painful factors: Did you increase your workout time, your benching



weight, or your reps? If you're seeing improvements in strength or endurance, your workout is good enough.

4. True

Your metabolism doesn't care what time it is. If you're eating more calories than you're burning in a day, you'll gain weight. If you eat less, you'll lose—even if some of those calories come from a late-night pizza.

5. False

A Swiss study found that caffeine limits your body's ability to boost blood flow during exercise. Blood flow dropped 22 percent in those who exercised after two cups of coffee. (They tested coffee, but odds are it's true for energy drinks as well.) Bottom line? The buzz may make you feel more alert, but it could actually be hurting your performance.

6. True

It may take a while to see major weight loss, but the

lifesaving changes kick in pretty quickly. A recent study found that a high-fiber, low-fat diet and an hour of walking every day drastically decreased health risks like high cholesterol and diabetes. It may even reverse type 2 diabetes—42 percent of the men had diabetes when the study started, but by the end, only 23 percent did.

7. False

Muscle helps to boost your metabolism. When you start an exercise program, make weight training a part of it. Don't worry about bulking up—you'll actually burn more calories and drop the pounds more quickly.

8. False

Switch it up. A tough cardio workout will wear you out, so you may not be able to lift as much. On the other hand, heavy lifting can leave you slogging through your cardio. Alternate the order of your workout for the best results.

HEALTH NEWS



Stop Planning, Start Stopping

You're going to quit. You just need to get through your buddy's bachelor party, and then you have your strategy all mapped out. But new research suggests there's a more effective way to quit: Put the cigarette down, throw the pack away, and don't buy a new one. Don't think about it. Just do it. Now.

Quitting on a whim doesn't seem like the smartest plan, but spontaneous quitters are actually more successful than their strategizing peers. About half of all smokers decide to quit on impulse, and those smokers are 2.6 times more likely to kick the habit than those who plan their quit date—most likely because their “I've had it” mindset keeps them on track.

The Smell of Cancer

Dogs can already sniff out bombs, drugs, and fake money. Now a new study suggests they can also detect cancer before it shows up on an MRI.

Cancer causes chemical changes in a patient's breath; pups trained to respond to breath samples from cancer patients and ignore breath samples from healthy participants were 88 to 97 percent accurate in detecting breast and lung cancer.

More studies are planned, and in five to ten years, dogs could be trained to catch cancer at health fairs or in developing countries. The possibility of earlier detection means higher survival rates and lower toxicity in treatments.

Dogs' keen sense of smell is usually wasted on butt sniffing, but when pooches are properly trained it can be used to detect cancer.



The Fat Virus

As if it weren't hard enough to stay in shape, new research links three adenoviruses to obesity: A-5 to obesity in animals; A-36 to both human and animal obesity; and A-37 to obesity in chickens. The bugs may actually increase the level of fat in fat cells, contributing to the problem. And there's worse news: Lead researcher Leah D. Whigham says there are more than 50 adenoviruses that still need to be studied.

On the bright side, these findings mean there could someday be a vaccine that helps prevent obesity. However, researchers warn that the virus is just one factor leading to the problem—inactivity and overeating really let the blubber take root. On the other hand, exercise and a healthy diet can prevent obesity, even in people who carry the bug.



Soy Falls Short

If you've been choking down tofu and edamame to reap the benefits of soy, you may not be happy about this: A new report from the American Heart Association suggests that soy might not have the ability to lower bad cholesterol (LDL) significantly. Reviews of past studies found the protein only lowers LDL by about three percent. And the effectiveness of soy's isoflavones in fighting cancer was “inconclusive,” according to the report's lead author. Still, don't toss your pack of veggie burgers just yet—the authors agree that soy-rich foods are still good picks, since they're low in saturated fat and cholesterol.



2006 World Cup Preview By John T. ...ster OLD WORLD ORDER



The topsy-turvy
results of the
2002 WORLD CUP
will not be
repeated at
GERMANY '06.

If the 2002 World Cup in Japan and South Korea was any indication and it probably was the soccer world has become a much smaller place in the last decade. Former minnows South Korea, Senegal, and the United States swam deep into the tournament in '02, while the defending champs, France, got beached in the first round. Since then, it seems the gap between the traditional powers and the upstarts has narrowed even further. But when the World Cup comes to Germany next month (June 9 through July 9), we expect the big boys to reassert themselves a bit. The European setting should put soccer's royalty, par-

ticularly the Continental wing, back into a comfort zone, and you'll see the results on the field. That said, there are no easy games in twenty first century international soccer which only makes the world's greatest sporting event that much greater.

So kick back and get the skinny on all 32 teams heading to Germany next month along with a look at players to watch, surreal moments from tournament history, the worst World Cup hairdo disasters, and last, but definitely not least our parallel tournament of international babes representing the top 16 teams in the tournament. (Tune in next month for our second round breakdowns.)

GROUP A



GERMANY: Last winter former U.S. national teamers Marcelo Balboa and Eric Wynalda labeled the hosts "pretenders" on national TV. Who knew Balboa and Wynalda had started smoking crack in their retirement? Look for Germany, with Chelsea defender **Robert Huth**, Bayern Munich midfielder **Michael Ballack**, and Cologne striker **Lukas Podolski**, to "pretend" all the way to the semis on home soil. If not further.

World Cup of Hotties

entrant: Heidi Klum. A solid candidate—could go all the way, like the team.



POLAND: Poland pounced on the U.S. in the third game of group play in 2002, but it was too little, too late: They'd blown their first two games and were already out of the tournament. They'll be eager to make amends, and if Glasgow Celtic forward **Maciej Zurawski** and Bayer Leverkusen midfielder **Jacek Krzynowek** can get them off on the right foot against Ecuador on June 9, look for the Poles to advance out of this relatively easy group.

World Cup of Hotties: Poland will surprise you in this department. Case in point: Miss Poland 2004 **Paulina Panek**.

COSTA RICA: The Ticos are an entertaining side, but it's difficult to imagine them getting any points from their tournament-opening game against Germany on June 9, or from Poland 11 days later. **Paolo Wanchope** (Heredia, Costa Rica) will look to cap his distinguished career with a trip to the knockout phase, but we don't see it happening for our CONCACAF brothers.



Wanchope (in blue) has had a fine career, but don't expect him to finish it by carrying Costa Rica to the second round.

ECUADOR: Ecuador beat both Argentina and Brazil during CONMEBOL qualifying, but was also trounced 3-0 by non-qualifiers Colombia. Their top players, **Agustín Delgado** (Barcelona Guayaquil, Ecuador) and **Iván Hurtado** (Al-Arabi, Qatar), are pushing 32, and the rest of the team may have a "just happy to be here" attitude. That's just as well—it's going to be a short stay.

GROUP B



SWEDEN: Sweden suits up forwards **Zlatan Ibrahimovic** of Italy's Juventus, **Henrik Larsson** of Barcelona, and Arsenal midfielder **Freddie Ljungberg**, and they've consistently performed well at the World Cup—winning their group in 2002, and finishing third overall in '94. Yet FIFA doesn't think they're a Top 10 team.

World Cup of Hotties: Vendela. Like the team, she's been performing at a high level for a long time.

ENGLAND: This is England's best chance to win the Cup since 1966. They have quality players all over the field, with **John Terry** (Chelsea) in the back; **Frank Lampard** (Chelsea) and **Steven Gerrard** (Liverpool) in midfield; and **Wayne Rooney** (Manchester United) and **Michael Owen** (Newcastle) up top. The only doubts are their goalkeeping and their fragile psyches (a 1-0 loss to *Northern Ireland*?).

World Cup of Hotties: Elizabeth Hurley. She edges out fellow actresses Keira Knightley and Kate Winslet.



PARAGUAY: If either England or Sweden looks past them, Paraguay could sneak through to the second round. They've qualified for three straight Cups—no small feat in the South American region—and they have quality players like Werder Bremen's **Nelson Valdez** and Carlos Paredes of Italy's Reggina.



Paraguay has a rising star in Valdez.

TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO: There aren't a lot of minnows left, but T&T is definitely one. It's the smallest nation in the tourney (population: 1.1 million), and outside of **Stern John** (Coventry City) and former Manchester United sniper **Dwight Yorke** (now with Sydney FC), the Soca Warriors just don't have enough talent.



HAIR CONDITIONING



For better or worse—usually for worse—the World Cup has served as a beta test site for creative grooming decisions. And millions of misguided soccer fans have done irreparable damage to their reputation by following their hero's hirsute lead.

The world caught its first glimpse of Carlos Valderrama and his wild Latino-fro in 1990. His hair resembled a used Q-tip, but because El Pibe was a midfield maestro, people let it slide. Four years later, in the United States, Alexi Lalas's six-inch-long red goatee became the iconic image of American soccer, while Italy's Roberto Baggio clearly earned his follicular nickname: the Divine Ponytail. In 2002 the Mohawk took center stage, courtesy of England's David Beckham and the U.S.'s Clint Mathis.

But soccer's high hair period was the seventies and eighties. At the 1978 Cup in Argentina, the mullet took center stage. Striker Mario Kempes wore one as he scored two goals for the hosts in the final. To this day, it's known in some circles as the "soccer rocker," and the Danes call it *bundesliga-hår*; in reference to the mullet's continued hold on the German soccer league. Does that mean it will return this summer? Only time will tell.—Greg Lalas

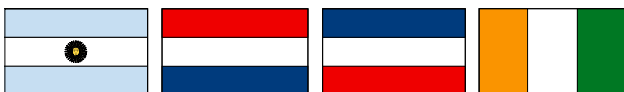
Theater of the ABSURD

Like a United Nations assembly, the World Cup provides a fertile breeding ground for controversy. Much to the delight of outside observers, this tendency has led to more than a few absurd moments.

One of the most surreal passages in the tournament's history took place at the 1982 World Cup in Spain. In a first-round match, France was cruising against Kuwait 3-1 when midfielder Alain Giresse slammed in goal number four. The Kuwaitis protested that they'd heard a whistle and stopped playing. Within seconds Prince Fahid of Kuwait appeared on the field, white robes billowing. Whatever he said to Soviet referee Miroslav Stupar is lost to history but it worked, because the official reversed his decision. The French team gave a collective shrug and went on to win 4-1 anyway.

In 2002, Italy lost to South Korea in the quarterfinals on a sudden-death goal. The Italians believed that referee Byron Moreno of Ecuador had conspired with the host nation. Moreno received multiple death threats, and a small Sicilian town named a block of public toilets after him. As if that weren't enough, the South Korean who scored the winning goal, Ahn Jung-Hwan, happened to play for Perugia of Italy—and the club terminated his contract after he hit the winner. Really.—G.L.

GROUP C



ARGENTINA: This is the tournament's Group of Death, but Argentina is stacked, with **Juan Román Riquelme** (Villarreal, Spain) running the show in midfield and an embarrassment of riches up top: Manager José Pekerman can choose from the likes of **Hernán Crespo** (Chelsea), **Carlos Tévez** (Corinthians, Brazil), **Lionel Messi** (Barcelona), **Julio Cruz** (Inter Milan), **Javier Saviola** (Sevilla), and more. They'll survive the Group of Death.

World Cup of Hotties: Supermodel **Yamila Diaz-Rahi**. An absolute stunner. Could be the class of the tournament, like the Albicelestes.



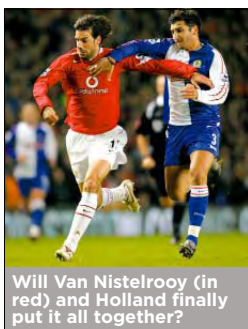
THE NETHERLANDS: The Oranje are one of the most talented teams on the planet, and they consistently under-perform. But we're backing **Ruud van Nistelrooy** (Manchester United), **Arjen Robben** (Chelsea), and **Rafael van der Vaart** (Hamburg) to get them to the second round, at least.

World Cup of Hotties:

Yfke Sturm. She mirrors the team—sleek and stylish.

SERBIA AND MONTENEGRO:

In a qualifying group that also included Spain and Belgium, Serbia conceded only one goal and reeled off a record seven straight shutouts. Atlético Madrid striker **Mateja Kezman** is dangerous, and **Mladen Krstajic** (Schalke 04, Germany) marshals the fierce D. If they get a result on June 11 against Holland, watch out.



Will Van Nistelrooy (in red) and Holland finally put it all together?

IVORY COAST: They're tough, athletic, and feature Chelsea marksman **Didier Drogba** up top and Arsenal stalwart **Kolo Toure** in the back. No one wants to play them, and if they can get out of this brutal group they could be this year's Senegal (quarterfinalist in 2002).

GROUP D



PORTUGAL: Touted as a potential finalist in 2002, Portugal fell on its face right away, losing to the United States and failing to advance out of its group. But the Seleção did reach the final of Euro 2004 and they are enormously talented, with Inter Milan's **Luís Figo** back from international retirement, Manchester United wunderkind **Cristiano Ronaldo** on the wing, and Paris Saint-Germain goal poacher **Pedro Pauleta** in attack.

World Cup of Hotties: **Liliana Queiroz.** Portugal has the women to match its gorgeous beaches.



MEXICO: In 2002, El Tricolores won a group featuring European powers Italy and Croatia. This year they're in a much easier foursome, and should advance if they take care of business. **Cuauhtémoc Blanco** (Club América, Mexico) is a skilled attacker, **Jared Borgetti** (Bolton, England) is tough in the air, and **Rafael Márquez** (Barcelona) anchors the defense.

World Cup of Hotties: Actress **Salma Hayek.** ¡Ay, caramba!

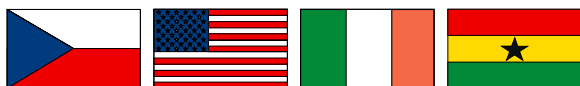
ANGOLA: On June 11 the Angolans are hoping to do to Portugal—which ruled Angola until 1975—what Senegal did to France, its former colonial ruler, in 2002. Known for a conservative style, Angola will send youngster **Pedro "Mantorras" Manuel** (Benfica, Portugal) and veteran **Fabrice "Akwa" Maieco** (Qatar SC) on the counterattack.

IRAN: Iran handed the U.S. arguably its worst loss ever, a 2-1 defeat at France '98, and it's sending an even more talented team this year. But international soccer's all-time leading scorer, **Ali Daei** (107 goals in 143 games), is 37, and the rest of the team is on the young (read: inexperienced) side. Plus, they won't have the Great Satan, aka the United States, in their group to motivate them this time around.



Sure, most of them came against the likes of Laos and Qatar, but Iran's Daei has an impressive 107 goals in 143 international games.

GROUP E

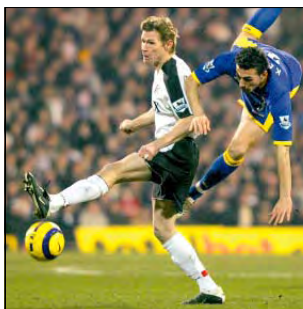


CZECH REPUBLIC: Tomas Rosicky (Borussia Dortmund, Germany), Pavel Nedved (Juventus, Italy), Tomas Galasek (Ajax Amsterdam), and Karel Poborsky (SK Ceske Budejovice, Czech Republic) form one of the world's best midfields. Forwards Milan Baros (Aston Villa, England) and Jan Koller (Borussia Dortmund) are both dangerous in their own way—the explosive Baros runs at defenders and the 6'7" Koller is deadly on set pieces. This team can beat anyone in the tournament.

World Cup of Hotties: Veronica Varekova. The Czechs are filthy rich with women: We could have gone with Petra Nemcova, Karolina Kurkova, or Daniela Pestova, to name just three. *Whew!*

UNITED STATES: Even though the Yanks reached the quarterfinals in 2002 and have placed a number of players in the world's top leagues, they remain a lightly regarded team on the world stage. Or so they hope: Underestimating the U.S.—which will send Fulham (England) striker **Brian McBride**, Manchester City midfielder **Claudio Reyna**, and poster-boy L.A. Galaxy playmaker **Landon Donovan** to Germany, among other legit talents—will prove fatal for anyone in this group.

World Cup of Hotties: Megan Ewing. Like the fictional J. R. Ewing, she's from Texas, and if she's not an icon, well, she *should* be. God bless America.



If McBride (in white) plays like he has for Fulham, the U.S. will have a dangerous target man.



Italy needs for Totti to rebound from the broken ankle he suffered in a Serie A game this past February.

ITALY: The Azzurri's tendency to start slowly in World Cups will come back to haunt them this year as they fail to get out of one of the toughest groups, despite fielding such stars as **Christian Vieri** (Monaco), **Luca Toni** (Fiorentina, Italy), and—if he recovers from a broken ankle in time—**Francesco Totti** of Roma. This will top Italy's loss to South Korea in 2002 for sheer outrage in the home country.

GHANA: The Black Stars have dominated at the youth level and in the African Cup of Nations, yet curiously have never qualified for a World Cup before this year. Their midfield will be solid, with Chelsea engine **Michael Essien**, playmaker **Stephen Appiah** (Fenerbahçe, Turkey), and youngster **Sulley Muntari** (Udinese, Italy). But their back line could be suspect, even with the return of **Sammy Kuffour** (Roma). Still, this will not be an easy opponent for anyone.



World Cup coaches have a long history of forbidding their players from any extracurricular activities. In 2002, Italy's manager, Giovanni Trapattoni, practically locked up his squad in a sex-free compound. It'd be one thing if chastity produced results, but clearly it doesn't. Italy was cock-blocked by South Korea in the Round of 16.

The truth is, celibacy hurts—in more ways than the obvious one. Several recent studies have suggested that pregame romps do not weaken a top athlete. They may even help, because sex can boost testosterone levels and block a neuropeptide connected to pain.

Ecuador's coach, Hernán Darío Gómez, offered his own scientific advice: If you do it slowly and with lots of love, a [soccer player] can do it every day.

When will these coaches learn? The World Cup is not a monastic retreat; it's a monthlong bacchanalia with enough hookers to satisfy the Marquis de Sade. German officials are expecting 40,000 visiting prostitutes. Dortmund has erected drive-in sex garages, while Cologne is offering performance boxes. So if you're watching a nil-nil snoozer next month, take heart in the fact that off the field, all over Germany, thousands will be scoring. *G.L.*

GROUP F



BRAZIL: The best team in the world will get out of this group, despite the tough competition and Brazil's habit of treating group play as a minor inconvenience on their way to the final. **Ronaldo** (Real Madrid), **Ronaldinho** (Barcelona), **Adriano** (Inter Milan), **Kaka** (AC Milan), **Robinho** (Real Madrid), and, if healthy, **Cafu** (AC Milan) will find a way—we'd bet on it.

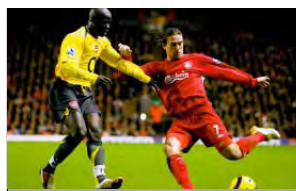
World Cup of Hotties: Ana

Beatriz Barros. Brazil rivals the Czech Republic in hottie production.



CROATIA: Their checkerboard uniforms are among the coolest in the world, and they have the game to match, having finished third at the 1998 Cup. Two wins over Sweden in qualifying signal another quality Croat team, including forward **Dado Prso** (Glasgow Rangers) and veteran defender **Robert Kovac** (Juventus).

World Cup of Hotties: Nina Moric. Let's just get this on the table: Croatian women are smokin'.



Kewell (in red) led Australia to its first W.C. berth since 1974.

AUSTRALIA: Midfielders **Harry Kewell** (Liverpool), **Mark Bresciano** (Parma), and **Tim Cahill** (Everton, England), along with forward **Mark Viduka** (Middlesbrough, England), helped lead the Land of Oz to its first World Cup berth since 1974. Too bad they landed in such a tough group.

JAPAN: Brazilian legend **Zico**, Japan's coach, will send out a first-rate midfield, including **Hidetoshi Nakata** (Bolton), **Shinji Ono** (Feyenoord, the Netherlands), and **Shunsuke Nakamura** (Glasgow Celtic). But it will be three and out for Japan.

GROUP G



FRANCE: Les Bleus are a good bet to make up for their dismal performance in 2002, when they finished scoreless and dead last in their group. Arsenal's remarkable striker **Thierry Henry** could partner with Liverpool's **Djibril Cisse** or **David Trézéguet** of Juventus. Midfield maestro **Zinédine Zidane** (Real Madrid) is back, along with Chelsea midfielder **Claude Makelele**. They're getting old,

but they're still capable of winning it all.

World Cup of Hotties: **Noémie Lenoir**. Gorgeous *SI* swimsuit model has a child with Makelele.



SWITZERLAND: There's nothing neutral about this team, which scrapped with Turkey in the tunnel after a tense qualifying playoff win last November and lost Frankfurt defender **Benjamin Huggel** to suspension. They still have AC Milan midfielder **Johann Vogel** and

Stade Rennais (France) marksman **Alex Frei**, among other young stars.

World Cup of Hotties: Victoria's Secret model **Julie Ordon**. This Swiss miss is a sight for sore eyes.

SOUTH KOREA: Manchester United midfielder **Park Ji-Sung** is the real deal, but the defense is questionable and South Korea's qualifying campaign was so-so—they tied lightly regarded Uzbekistan and finished second to Saudi Arabia in their final group.

TOGO: File under "Happy to be here." Togo has players under contract in Europe, but their only real danger man is 6'3" forward **Emmanuel Adebayor**, who led the region in scoring during qualifying. When Monaco released him for bailing on practice, English giant Arsenal immediately snatched him up, which should tell you something.

Ronaldinho, Brazil—He's got donkey buckteeth and a Milli Vanilli hairstyle: What choice did he have but to become the world's best soccer player? Barcelona's 26-year-old megastar has twice been named FIFA World Player of the Year.

Wayne Rooney, England—Manchester United's 20-year-old wunderkind sports the temperament of a street thug looking for a pint after last call. He's also admitted that he's not above visiting "mature" hookers now and then. But on the field, he's a game-changing force of nature.

Andriy Shevchenko, Ukraine—Ukraine's soccer tradition is as renowned as its cooking. (Buckwheat and blood sausage, anyone?) But "Sheva" has served up some surprises, including Ukraine's first trip to the World Cup.

Didier Drogba, Ivory Coast—Africa is always good for one Cinderella team at the World Cup. This year the slipper fits (somehow) the Elephants of Côte d'Ivoire. They're led by Chelsea's speedy, powerful forward.

Oguchialu Onyewu, United States—Just call him Gooch. That's what everyone else does. Otherwise you'll end up butchering his name—which means "God fights for me"—and the 6'4", 210-pound central defender from Olney, Maryland, will have to slide-tackle you back to Leipzig.—*G.L.*

PLAYERS TO WATCH

GROUP H



SPAIN: Another stylish European team that has fallen short of expectations (see Portugal, the Netherlands), Spain will need Real Madrid's **Raúl** in full fitness following an ACL tear in November. If he's healthy, the sky's the limit for this hyper-talented team. Goalkeeper **Iker Casillas** (Real Madrid), defender **Carles Puyol** (Barcelona), and striker **Fernando Torres** (Atlético Madrid) are all world-

class.

World Cup of Hotties: **Penélope Cruz**. Speaking of world-class ...



Raúl (in white) will be key to Spain's attack if he can recover from a torn anterior cruciate ligament in time.

UKRAINE: Finally, AC Milan goal-scorer extraordinaire **Andriy Shevchenko** gets a chance to shine at a World Cup, and he'll be hungry to make the most of it. He'll have a capable if anonymous support-

ing cast—Ukraine won its qualifying group comfortably—featuring Shevchenko's former strike partner at Dynamo Kiev, **Sergei Rebrov**, and midfielder **Ruslan Rotan** (Dynamo Kiev). Dark-horse semifinalist, anyone?

World Cup of Hotties: **Milla Jovovich**. *Jo-vo-voom*.



TUNISIA: The core of the team that won the 2004 African Cup of Nations remains, anchored by attacking right back **Hatem Trabelsi** (Ajax Amsterdam) and 6'3", 200-pound center back **Radhi Jaidi** (Bolton). Naturalized Brazilian **Silva dos Santos** (Toulouse, France) paces the attack, and **Riadh Bouazizi** (Kayserispor, Turkey) is the midfield workhorse. Spain and Ukraine better be prepared to play.

SAUDI ARABIA: Forward **Sami Al-Jaber** (Al-Hilal), 33, is the veteran leader of this team, which cruised through the final stage of qualifying and gave up just one goal in six games. But now comes the hard part: The Saudis open with Tunisia on June 14 and get Ukraine on June 19, after which we're betting they'll be done.



Saudi Arabia and **Al Jaber** (in white, in action against Japan) should enjoy the sights in Germany—it's going to be a short visit.



Island Beauty

Shay Laren's ravishing looks
may mean this sweet Hawaiian girl is
destined for stardom, but all she
really wants is to have sex on an airplane
and do your laundry.

Photographs by J. Stephen Hicks



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Go to PenthouseModels.com

I'm very spontaneous, Shay says. "A group of people once paid me \$200 to make out with a girlfriend of mine in front of a nightclub."







There's no
mistaking it if
I'm in the
mood. When
my guy leaves
the room I
strip down,
so when he
returns all I'm
wearing is a
come hither
look.





"My ideal date would be something ordinary, like doing laundry together. It's easier to get to know someone that way." To better know our exotic Pet, go to [Penthouse .com/shay](https://www.penthouse.com/shay).

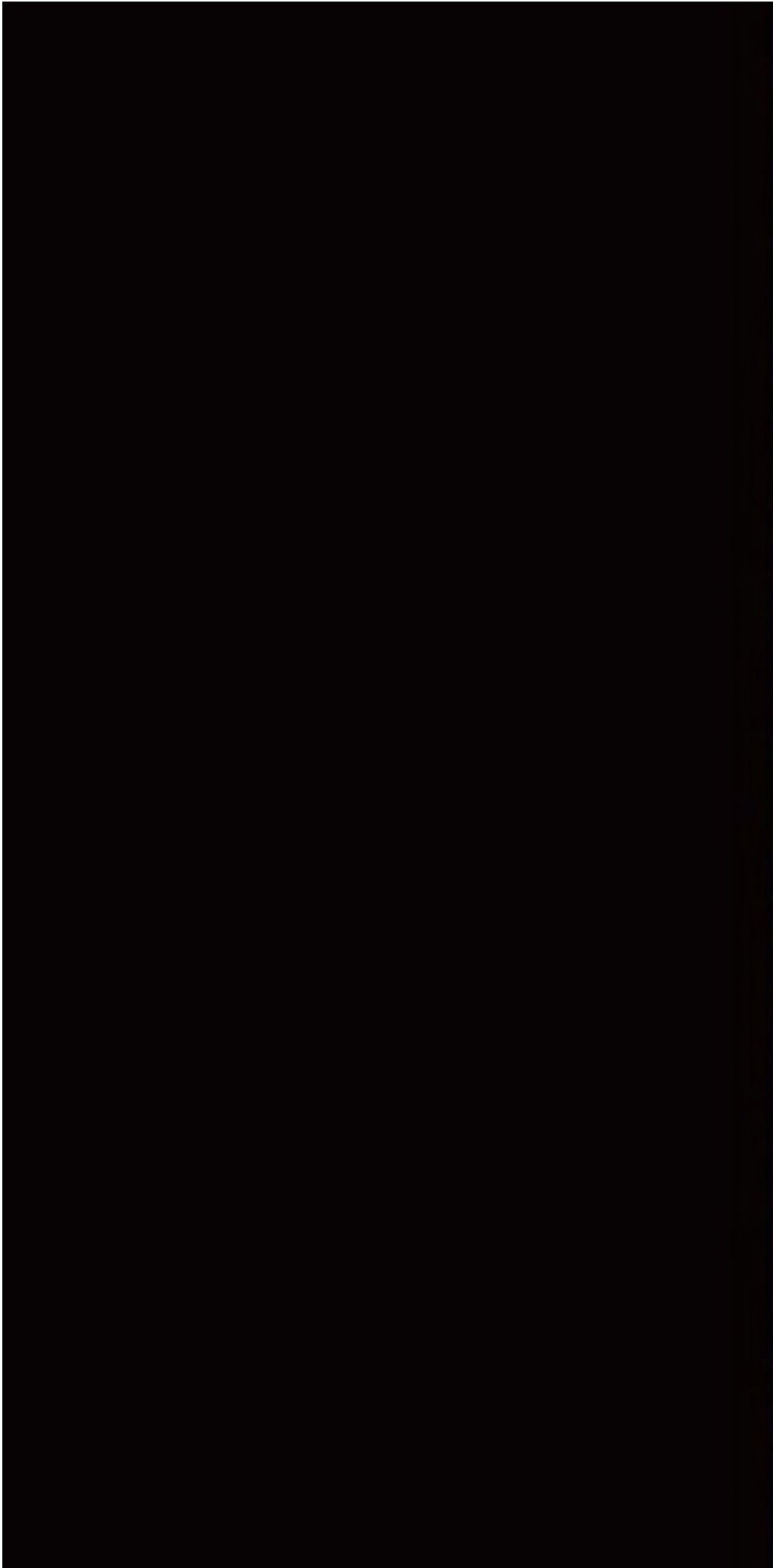




MISS SHAY LAREN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH







MISS SHAY LAREW/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





Secret Flings

I'm always amazed at the affairs, flings, and hookups my friends will confess to me—but not to their boyfriends. I almost feel like a voyeur when I hear their tales, and a little guilty by association. But I'm also totally enthralled, as I was recently when two friends made very true, very sexy confessions to me.

Mira has been with her boyfriend for a long time, and they seemed totally blissed out the one time I saw them together. So I am shocked when, over dinner, she takes my hand and says, "Did I ever tell you about the time I

cheated on Tim?"

"No!" I exclaim, certain that I would have remembered.

"It was with my oldest friend, Paul," Mira divulges. "We've always flirted, but the timing has never been right. Then one night last year, when I was studying, Paul called. Tim was out of town and Paul came over, supposedly to help me, but we didn't even get to that. We were all over each other immediately, and we had the most incredible sex, right on the floor on top of all my papers. His body's just totally different than Tim's. We did it

all night long."

Another friend, Lacey, went out with her high school boyfriend for four years, but they split up when they went to different colleges. They remained friends, but hadn't been speaking much. Both were soon in other relationships, but when they were home for winter break, they reconnected. "I was at his parents' house, and it was just like old times," Lacey confides. "Once he broke the ice, we were talking and teasing each other again." I can tell what's coming, but after hearing about all their drama,

we had to be quiet because we were at his family's—and because we knew it'd probably be the last time. But I came right away. It felt familiar, because we'd done it so much before."

So why'd they do it, really? For Lacey, it was a final fling with her ex—a way to get closure. "I knew we'd never have the opportunity or desire to be that intimate again, and I wanted to part on good terms," she says. Mira had lusted after Paul for so long that she finally had to see if he was worth it. And her decision may have revealed just how

"In the middle of the night we woke up and just began touching each other.... It was a slap in the face to his girlfriend because the next time she sees me, I'll know but she won't."



I'm still shocked when she continues. "We both wound up in his bed, and at first, we just slept—or tried to," she says. "Then in the middle of the night we woke up and just began touching each other. We both knew exactly what we were doing, even though we didn't talk about it. I also felt like it was kind of a slap in the face to his girlfriend because the next time she sees me, I'll know—but she won't."

Lacey's confession may sound terrible, but she doesn't say it to boast. If anything, she's shocked that she and her ex went from not speaking to having sex in so short a time. She also knows it was a one-time thing. "I'm glad things aren't so weird between us anymore," she explains. And how was the sex? "It was better than when we were dating. Maybe because it was so secretive—

uncertain she felt about her current boyfriend—and how easy it is for women, too, to slip up. "The tension had been building between us for years. I just couldn't help myself," Mira tells me. "I don't regret it, but I don't think I'd do it with Paul again."

For his part, "Paul hasn't returned my e-mails since then. Even so, it was worth it after lusting after him for so long. I love Tim, but I don't know if I want to be with him forever." Obviously, these aren't the kinds of stories couples tell each other, but flings are totally understandable. After all, who *hasn't* been tempted to stray (that means you!). And now whenever I see Mira and Lacey, I sense the wildness beneath the surface—the wildness that is part of all of us and that sometimes insists we cross boundaries. **OTM**

FREEWHEELERS

Handling the Hottest Handlebars

All Dressed Up



The Royal Star Venture shrouds its sophisticated Yamaha technology in familiar clothing—the classic lines of an original American touring cruiser.

News flash: Hot sport bikes and radical choppers can be absolute hell on long trips, especially for passengers. The vibration and contorted riding position can so abuse your partner that she'll refuse a trip to your cabin, thus ruining the weekend. But this can be avoided, since motorcycle travel can be tremendously romantic if you have the right mount.

Full-dress tour bikes are as loaded as luxury cars these days, making 500-mile journeys a plush experience for you and your passenger. And while amenities and luggage capacity add bulk, these ladies can still dance down your favorite back road. For first-class travel, here are the finest in two-wheeled comfy chairs.

Royal Star Venture

Is there a Yamaha in this group? Yes and no. Yamaha has been building Star cruisers since 1996, but until now it hasn't considered the marque a stand-alone brand. There's still Yamaha DNA in these bikes, though. The Royal Star

Venture is a perfect example of a classic cruiser-style tour bike that oozes Yamaha's signature modern technology.

Each bike profiled here has a different-style engine. The Venture is powered by a liquid-cooled V-4 that puts out 98 horsepower and is mated to a five-speed overdrive transmission. This excellent mill has an unusually massive radiator that is well-shrouded and keeps things cool during desert runs.

The stylish engine is solidly mounted in the frame to keep the chassis rigid, but if you think the lack of rubber mounts will rattle your fillings, fear not. There's an internal counterbalancer to quell vibration for hours of fatigue-free riding. Power gets to the ground via shaft drive, and the standard electronic cruise control works well even through hilly terrain.

The air-adjustable front forks and single rear shocks help the Venture haul you, your passenger, and all your delicate underthings

smoothly and with control. Handling strikes an admirable balance between reasonably quick steering and stability, and the Venture displays gleefully little bump steer when cranked over uneven pavement.

Cargo room is fairly generous, consisting of two 9.3-gallon saddlebags and a 15-gallon tail trunk. These well-sealed hard bags are stylistically sculpted to support the Venture's classic persona, as is the unique horizontal-run speedometer, which looks as if it were stolen from an old Buick—except for the LCD pointer.

A standard AM/FM/CB radio with four speakers and an intercom can be supplemented with a CD player. The six-gallon fuel tank provides enough range to burn through more than a few tunes, too.

The Venture mixes classic and contemporary to fine effect. It comes with a five-year limited warranty. Prices start at \$16,799. StarMotorcycles.com

BMW K 1200 LT

Where the Royal Star Venture weds contemporary technology and styling from the past, the BMW K 1200 LT shamelessly embraces futuristic technology *and* styling. Luxury is also a big part of this formidable machine. When the LT first appeared on the scene several years ago, designer David Robb said the engineers looked in-house for inspiration on how to infuse luxury into the motorcycle. They took their cues from the BMW 7 Series automobile: good choice.

But having both ridden the LT and driven the car, I have to say the bike is far more entertaining and nearly as comfortable. The fun starts with a 116-horsepower inline four, fed by BMW's ultra-sophisticated Motronic engine-management system.

This is a tall motorcycle, but the weight is well-managed and the unique suspension system (called Telelever up front and Paralever

out back) delivers a firm, comfy, controlled ride and sharp handling. The five-speed transmission shifts crisply, and since there's more than 850 pounds to push when the tank is full, reverse uses the starter motor to slowly back you up.

BMW is a world leader in developing antilock braking systems, so it should come as no surprise that the LT has amazing stoppers. The system, called EVO, has ABS and electric brake-boost (which increases power in extreme braking situations), and is linked so the brake lever on the handlebar and the foot pedal engage both front and rear brakes.

The list of standard amenities is extensive, and you haven't experienced true cold-weather bliss until you've fired up the heated seats and handgrips on this wun-



BMW's K 1200 LT designers transformed a 7 Series luxury car into a motorcycle that's far more interesting and satisfying than any sedan.

derbike. The passenger's backrest is also heated.

Naturally there's cruise control, a power adjustable windscreen, and a kickass sound system with optional CD changer. An onboard computer tracks fuel range, mileage, and other details.

Accessories include a navigation system that works better than many car systems I've used. This is a 2010 model, but you can buy it now; prices start at \$21,900. BMWMotorcycles.com



Harley-Davidson shows us that when a basic design is brilliant, it can evolve over time, embrace change where needed, and still hold to tradition.

Harley-Davidson Ultra Classic Electra Glide

This motorcycle not only has the longest name, it also has the longest pedigree and is the latest, greatest permutation of a machine that's been around for more than 40 years.

The classic styling has very deep roots, and in many ways the appearance of the bike has changed little over the decades.

All the traditional Harley trademarks are here, from the huge bat-wing fairing to the chrome and rubber fender bumpers and deep, rich paint. From a moderate distance it's hard to tell what year this model might be, which is the sign of a true icon.

You might think Harley's ties to the past would result in a wheezing geezer of a rig. No way.

This model has been steadily refined over the years, and while it has less power and a bell or whistle fewer than the other guys, it is competitively contemporary in

features and provides a comfortable, competent ride.

In keeping with the Harley Electra Glide tradition, the Ultra is powered by an air-cooled 1,450-cc V-twin that is the largest to ever grace this venerable motorcycle. The engine has been modernized and polished, and these days Harley calls it the Twin Cam 88.

While not loaded with horsepower, there's plenty of low-end torque, so it sounds great and is delightfully smooth at high speed. Chalk this up to a very effective engine isolation system using rubber mounts, and the Glide's crisp throttle response—a testament to Harley's Electronic Sequential Port fuel injection.

The five-speed transmission gets power to the ground through clean, quiet belt drive. This year Harley has revised the clutch system so lever effort is reduced by 24 percent.

The front forks may look retro

but they're excellent units, and the rear shocks are air adjustable to compensate for heavy loads. This big hog hides its weight well under most conditions, and is a delight to hustle around mountain roads.

There's ample luggage capacity, and the trunk, which Harley calls a Tour-Pak, hinges on the side so your passenger can stay put while you grab the camera for a scenic shot.

Beautiful, faithful to tradition, and a wonderfully laid-back scoot, the Ultra is also loaded with a fantastic Harman/Kardon sound system, CB, intercom, and cruise control.

An enormous number of accessories are also available, including a new Advanced Audio navigation system that features six AM and ten FM station presets, an integrated weather band, and a CD player.

Prices for the Electra Glide start at \$19,795. Harley-Davidson.com



Honda Gold Wing

Ever since this familiar dresser appeared on the scene in the seventies, it has been incredibly popular with the long-haul set. You've certainly seen these bikes on interstates and rural highways—often pulling trailers and hauling couples with matching helmets and riding gear. The bikes gained a reputation for comfort and reliability, yet rarely were considered exciting to ride.

That all changed in 2001 with the introduction of the GL1800. This model has a massive flat-six engine that pumps out 118 horsepower and nearly twice as much torque as the competition. Throttle response is immediate and turbine-smooth thanks to fuel injection with sophisticated 3-D digital mapping software.

Dual radiators mounted in the side fairings allow the engine to be placed further forward in the chassis for better handling. Since this bike is nearly as big as a Civ-



ic, the five-speed transmission also sports reverse that runs off the starter motor. The Wing has powerful linked brakes with optional ABS on some models.

Strip away all the bodywork and you'll see a massive twin-spar aluminum frame that looks like it was inspired by a supersize GP racer. What's the deal? Aren't these big bikes supposed to be for sedate riding through state parks? Well, Honda decided you could have it all: comfort, refine-

ment, performance, and even better performance. The Gold Wing is the heaviest beast here, but it boogies like you're riding a giant sport bike.

All the amenities and then some are available, including heated grips and seats, a foot-warming system that uses engine venting, and a well-integrated navigation system based on Honda's auto-

motive unit. I'm especially fond of the premium sound system with 80 watts per channel, and the trick CD changer that slides into the base of the rear trunk as if you're loading nuclear fuel rods.

Every aspect of the machine shows an Acura-like attention to detail. To top it off, as mentioned in the April issue, the 2006 Gold Wing becomes the first motorcycle in history with an air bag. MSRP's begin at \$18,999. PowerSports.Honda.com

This is not your father's Gold Wing. Honda's tour master has received a serious shot of adrenaline and does things no full-dress motorcycle should get away with.





DRIVINGFORCE

Your Fast Track to Speed and Style

Is for Superior

Mercedes-Benz's new top-of-the-line sedan achieves vehicular perfection.

The company's most expensive and complete sedan, the one favored by crowned heads, heads of state, heads of government, studio heads, and heads of companies around the world, is the S-Class. For 2007 it's new from grille to exhaust pipes, packed with innovative aero style and cutting-edge consumer technology.

In the first year, only one S-Class will be available—the S550. It's powered by a 5.5-liter V-8, with a four-valve-per-cylinder layout replacing the five-liter, three-valve engine. The select S600, which will debut later, is powered by an upgraded version of the six-liter, three-valve, V-12 twin-turbo engine that pumps out more than 500 horsepower.

Future models will feature the







Mercedes-Benz has always been a leader in automotive electronics, from the premier ABS system to the first ESP system. The new S-Class carries on that tradition with two radars and night-driving cameras.



4Matic all-wheel-drive system. Also to come are two AMG high-performance models: the S55, with a 6.3-liter V-8 engine replacing the supercharged 5.5-liter V-8; and the S65, with the 600-horsepower Maybach V-12 twin turbo engine. A hybrid version, a V-6 diesel, and a V-8 diesel are in the wings.

The S550 is aerodynamically purer, with a more upright grille, new lamps fore and aft, thick body-color bars running horizontally through the taillamps, and exaggerated fender flares front and rear. It's the sportiest-looking S-Class ever. Even with its increased size, width, and height, the S550 has the best aerodynamics in its class—a 0.26 drag coefficient, which is among the best in the world. The hood, deck lid, and doors are aluminum, while the main body shell is steel.

The new COMAND system operates the radio and telephone, as well as the entertainment, navigation, and vehicle functions. COMAND uses a large, deeply hooded, high-mounted 16:9 ratio full-color display screen. A console-mounted knob can be turned and pushed to change categories and settings. It's refreshingly easy to use. The display in the vehicle systems menu changes to a silhouette drawing of the car while you customize ten different settings.

The steering wheel has been redesigned, with a pair of round controls in the spokes that execute up/down and left/right track and volume changes for radio stations, CDs, MP3s, or an iPod.



The shifter is now a tiny stalk on the right side of the column, with up, down, and in positions for reverse, neutral, drive, and park. Its three shift modes include manual, sport, and comfort; manual uses the steering wheel paddles on the reverse side of the spokes.

Ambient lighting starts on the left door, goes all the way across the lower part of the dash, under the wood-trim panel, and back along the right door. This setup creates a continuous ribbon of light that can be adjusted using COMAND.

The CD/DVD system contains a slot for a PCM/CIA memory card that will play up to 1,550 songs through the 600-watt, 14-speaker sound system. Finally, Mercedes-Benz has updated the clock to a classy analog design and moved it to the center of the instrument panel, so it's visible from anywhere in the car.

What looks like a folded-up, wood-grain, chrome-edged cell phone on the console just behind the COMAND interface is exactly that.

With its 5.5-liter engine (382 horsepower, 391 foot-pounds), the S550 has a whopping 80 horsepower more than previous models. The 4,200-pound Mercedes luxu-bomb goes from zero to 60 miles per hour in 5.5 seconds. The S600 biturbo V-12, bumped from 493 to 510 horsepower, and from 590 to 612 foot-pounds of torque, will do the zero-to-60 sprint in a staggering 4.5 seconds. Upshifts and downshifts happen at the speed of light with no hes-



itation, regardless of shift mode.

The Airmatic air-suspension system has been retuned to give a far sportier and flatter ride than the previous S-Class. Adaptive shock absorbers and the steering effort have also been retuned toward the sporty end of the spectrum. There's no dartiness—just a nice, progressive, hefty feel at the wheel. ESP is standard equipment, but it has two new features: trailer stabilization and tire-pressure monitoring.

Automatic Body Control active suspension cuts body roll 60 percent more than the first version. You can really feel it working when you throw the car into a fast, sweeping downhill curve, like the dozens we executed on our Swiss-Italian test drive between St. Moritz and Lake Como.

The new Brake Assist Plus brakes are spectacular in their stopping power and stopping-distance performance. With the new ABS system, the brake lights go to full bright and pulsate in the event of a panic stop.

Mercedes-Benz says it spent an inordinate amount of time and money to silence your ride. There are now 170 individual pieces of sound and noise-control equipment, including a patented front-floor panel that cuts noise and vibration. At continuous cruising speeds of up to 125 mph, the S-Class is very quiet.

Options include active, bi-xenon headlamps, Active Body Control suspension, cornering lamps,

Brake Assist Plus, DISTRONIC Plus, dynamic multi-contour seats (with or without massage), Keyless Go, Linguatronic voice activation, a hard-drive navigation system, Panorama glass roof, Park Assist, a reverse camera that displays on the COMAND screen, ventilated seats with fans, and a surround-sound audio system with surround at each seat. An optional AMG Sport Package adds AMG wheels, a new front bumper with lower intakes and lamps, a new rear bumper, exaggerated side sills, and twin dual-outlet chrome exhaust tips.

Parktronic and DISTRONIC, the parking and distance-holding cruise-control systems, are new. They use two forward-facing radar systems and can apply the brakes at any speed from zero to about 125 mph, bringing the car to a full stop without driver input. The company says the new system can reduce rear-end collisions by up to 75 percent.

Night View Assist, introduced on the new S-Class, uses infrared headlamps with the same strength as regular ones, and a tiny camera picks up and projects sharp images of what's ahead. Images are displayed in the space normally occupied by the speedometer and tachometer. Night View Assist does not depend on radiated heat to create images, and is unaffected by temperature extremes.

This new S-Class is clearly the quickest, flattest-handling, sportiest, most complex, and slickest sedan Mercedes-Benz has ever built. Prices start at \$89,500. MBUSA.com

The new look of the S-Class brings a sharper nose section, big fender flares, and the slickest body shell of all nine generations. With a drag coefficient of only 0.26, this model is among the world's best.

Getting **Fired Up** in the Smoking Room

CASE CLOSED!

One thing that makes cigar smokers angrier than the holier-than-thou antitobacco prohibitionists is the Transportation Security Administration, better known as the TSA. Charged with ensuring our safety at U.S. airports, the TSA has confiscated thousands of expensive and inexpensive lighters packed in carry-on and checked luggage.

However, thanks to the inventive folks at OtterBox, with a major assist from Zippo, a fueled lighter now can be carried in checked luggage (but not carry-on bags) in the Zippo Cargo Case.

New regulations allow up to two lighters to be checked if they're enclosed in a Department of Transportation-approved container. That would be the Zippo Cargo Case, a \$12.95 acrylic box



Julieta cigar may be on its way to the top. The growth of this brand, which originated in Cuba in the nineteenth century, has been startling: "If it continues growing like it has been," one insider told us, "it will pass Macanudo in a year or two."

Famous for its consistency and mild taste, Macanudo is smooth and elegant, while the Romeo y Julieta 1875 brand

Department of the Treasury regulations on Cuban Assets Control state that American citizens may not purchase "Cuban-origin goods, including tobacco and alcohol products, in a third country for personal use outside the United States."

HUMIDORS WITH HERITAGE

What's the perfect gift for a cigar-smoking loser of any

can start your own scale model of D.C. with the rest of the series: the U.S. Capitol, the Lincoln Memorial, and the Jefferson Memorial. Prices range from \$800 to \$900.

SAFE SMOKES

The cigar bar, one of the unique innovations of the late-1990s cigar boom, is perhaps best embodied by the elegant and popular Club Macanudo in New York City. Besides being packed with enthusiastic smokers, it features one of the world's most expensive martinis, the 63rd Street—at \$63 each.

The cigar-bar concept has now been extended to cigarettes by R. J. Reynolds, which opened a high-end tobacco bar called Marshall McGearty Tobacco Lounge in Chicago. It offers beer, wine, and bourbon; serves up a few



that comes with foam cutouts to fit Zippo-size lighters.

For an alternative to the fluid-based Zippo mechanism, try a Z-Plus torch flame lighter insert from Blazer. It fits in the Zippo Cargo Case and provides an odorless butane flame.

ROMEO'S RUN-UP

Macanudo has been the No. 1-selling brand in America for so long, no one can remember who the previous leader was. But now the Dominican Republic-made version of the famed Romeo y

has a rich, caramelized flavor. Both come in a blizzard of shapes and sizes, but one factor that has helped Romeo's climb is its pricing—about 20 percent less than Macanudo in similar sizes.

CIGAR CLOUSEAUS

Have you ever found yourself traveling outside the States and felt good that you could finally enjoy a Cuban cigar?

Believe it or not, you're breaking the law. In one of the most preposterous and meddlesome interpretations of any statute in the U.S. Code, the

political election? Their own White House!

Last year Altadis U.S.A. created 500 limited-edition scale-model White House humidors as part of its American Heritage series. Measuring about 24 inches wide and 14 inches deep, the roof lifts up to reveal two trays and a bottom storage area that holds 200 to 300 cigars.

The humidor comes packed with Montecristo Classic cigars, but most are sold separately by tobacconists or find their way onto eBay.

If you have the space, you

dessert items; and sells Reynolds cigarette brands, plus a selection of specialty tobacco blends that cost about a third more than the regular lines.

Because Marshall McGearty specializes in tobacco sales, it eludes Chicago's new indoor-smoking ban, much to the chagrin of the antismoking lobby (although you have to be 21 to enter).

The author is the editor in chief of CigarCyclopedia.com, and the annual Perelman's Pocket Cyclopedia of Cigars.



Bada Bling!

Score extra points with your woman by lavishing these dazzling Pet-inspired pieces on her. Warning: We are not responsible for the sheet-twisting thrills that will ensue shortly thereafter.



On our silver belle

- Signature key earrings, \$22.99
- Pet heart necklace, \$44.99
- Pet heart mesh bracelet, \$39.99
- Pet heart dangle navel ring, \$34.99

Kneeling knockout

- Signature key necklace, \$179.99

- **Signature key bracelet**, \$149.99
- **Signature key gem dangle navel ring**, \$29.99
- **Pet anklet**, \$39.99
- **Signature key belly chain**, \$59.99

Crouching cutie

- **Penthouse dangle navel ring**, \$29.99
- **Gem token pendant necklace**, \$39.99
- **Signature key earrings**, \$29.99

Sprawling siren

- **Triple key necklace**, \$44.99
- **Charm bracelet**, \$36.99
- **Penthouse dangle navel ring**, \$29.99



By Ed Condran Photographs by Mark Mann

REALITY



Lucky Louie, comedian
Louis C.K.'s new show, is the first
conventional sitcom in HBO's
history. Even more unusual, it's tele-
vision that shows family life
as it really is.



"Realistic" and "sitcom" are usually as mutually exclusive as "marriage" and "blowjob." The veteran comedian/actor/writer/director Louis C.K. is working on the former, but he has no idea how to combine the latter. C.K., the director of such cult flicks as *Pootie Tang* and *Tomorrow Night*, stars in and spearheads *Lucky Louie*, HBO's first traditional sitcom, which will debut in June.

There's not much that's lucky about the character of Louie, a classic under-achiever. He works part-time in a muffler shop in a depressed, unnamed American city. The sad sack is the primary caretaker of his four-year-old daughter, since his wife, a nurse, is the main breadwinner. The family struggles to make ends meet. Louie is a kind of twenty-first-century Ralph Kramden: a well-meaning but desperate mess of a househusband who has a strong and supportive wife. Like Kramden's, Louie's desperation is anything but quiet: It's loud, cranky, hilarious, and—since this is HBO—totally uncensored. Louie calls his wife retarded when she makes a verbal stumble and his daughter a fucking asshole when she cock-blocks him.

C.K. (which is how his unwieldy Hungarian surname is pronounced) was one of the original *Late Night With Conan O'Brien* writers. He cut his teeth in Boston comedy clubs during the 1980s and worked on *Late Show With David Letterman*, *The Dana Carvey Show*, and *The Chris Rock Show* in the nineties. At 38, he may not be ready for network prime time (CBS passed on his *Saint Louie* pilot in 2004), but he is perfectly suited to the uncensored pastures of HBO. *Lucky Louie* will be HBO's first multi-camera comedy, and it just might be the cable maverick's next big hit.

"I'm trying to fuck your mom in there," C.K. says during his hilarious *One Night Stand* special, which premiered on HBO in August 2005. "Will you give me a break? Can't I fuck your mom for a minute?" C.K. isn't going to have much time to screw his wife—or anyone else—during the next few months, as HBO has ordered 12 episodes of *Louie*. We caught up with him at a coffee shop near his West Village apartment.

This must be the first sitcom with a character who says his baby sucks. How did HBO react to that?

"Blowjobs have grown to **mythological** proportions for me. I can get laid now and again, but **blowjobs** are clearly over. I don't think that's an option for me."



When I told the [HBO] executives, "My baby sucks and I hate my wife, who has assassinated my sexual identity," they nodded their heads and said, "Yeah." Those who have children understand. When I joked about that in Middle America, people got it. They understood it. Mothers, soccer moms, told me how funny it is. They loved that. They loved the sex jokes.

These days on network TV, it seems you can be as violent as you want, but sex remains taboo.

That makes no sense to me. I never

understood when Janet Jackson's boob came out [during the 2004 Super Bowl halftime show] why it was such a big deal. To me, it had zero meaning. The fact that it actually made a seismic impact on our culture and on television killed me. It blows my mind because it's beyond "Who cares?" It's a breast. It's part of a person's body. *She* should be offended. We owe *her* an apology. I'm amazed she had to apologize for showing a part of her body. It fucking amazes me that Justin Timberlake acted like he was offended by what happened. He was like someone who witnessed Robert Kennedy's assassination. He described the situation like this: "I remember standing there thinking, 'Oh my God! Oh my God!'" He literally said that, which is crazy. We're just talking about a breast.

Apparently, a bare breast is more appalling in some people's eyes than a dismembered body.

It's very weird to me, because people are disgusting on television. People are violent, gross, and awful.

Who gets more: you with your wife or you as Lucky Louie?

Lucky Louie and his TV wife have more sex than I do in my marriage. I still like to jerk off a lot, but that's different. In the pilot, I'm sexually frustrated. In the series, they're living a dark life, but the characters are fucking now and again.

In your stand-up act, you claim to masturbate in the basement, like a troll. True or false?

Nowadays, I mostly do that at work. At least I have an office now.

How hard is it to fit sex in when you have a wife, two kids, and a demanding job?

It's difficult. It vanishes after a while because of the kids. You just don't have time. I work a lot. That kills whatever time I have. That's the way it goes.

You mention the word *blowjob* or refer to the act 15 times during your 28-minute *One Night Stand*. Really?

Yes.

Well, that's a big deal for me. Blowjobs have grown to mythological proportions for me. I can get laid now and again, but blowjobs are clearly over for me. I don't think that's an option for me.

Why did everyone make such a big deal over President Clinton getting a blowjob from an intern?

The fucking media tried like hell to make that matter, but it didn't. The corporations and the government totally misread that. Nobody gave a rat's ass about that. Those who call the shots thought people care about that and that they want boring television. They couldn't have been more wrong.

Since you will have considerable freedom on your show, should viewers expect a great deal of foul language and nudity?

Don't expect nudity, since we're taping in front of a live audience. But you can expect some serious language.

CBS almost picked up your sitcom, but ultimately passed. What's the biggest difference between doing the show on HBO and on CBS?

You can't really be flawed on a network show. You can't be wrong. The characters on a sitcom are expected to be morally responsible. I don't get that, since there is nothing funny about someone acting morally responsible.

As long as your show isn't boring, that will be a step up.

Most shows are boring. As far as the common sitcom goes, no one is ever surprised anymore. People want to see something new and interesting.

***Arrested Development* is interesting. That was a surprising show. For us,**

though, the big surprise, hopefully, is that we've done a very well-done show, which is executed as well as possible. We're going to use the freedom HBO gives you. Instead of using that freedom to create a show that is crazy different from any other show, we're going to just do a show that is as good as it can possibly be. We're going to be honest, interesting, compelling, and funny. I feel a responsibility to make people laugh.

Why?

My mom used to watch television when she would get home from work. My mom is very smart. I would ask her how she could watch this crap and she'd say, "I use my brain all day. I work very hard. I just want to turn off my brain and sit here and relax and enjoy myself." My mom was right. She had a right to turn off her brain and watch TV. I was compelled to climb in the box and make it work from that end.

So *Louie* shows realistic parents?

I think so. Marriage is hard. It's two different people getting together. What are the odds that those two people are going to get together like yin and yang? It just doesn't happen that way.

What about Paul and Linda McCartney, who allegedly spent so many years together without a spat?

I don't believe they were together every day of their lives. I don't buy it. It's very hard. All I know is that it's hard for most people. We're all human. The people in my show, unlike Paul McCartney, have no money. We're lower-middle-income, and I'll emphasize the lower part. We have very little to live on.

That's so relatable, since so many Americans slip into credit-card debt.

We're in perpetual debt. We have a kid. We live in a dump. We're victims of whatever comes next. That's not typical for television today, but it is the way most Americans live. To me, that's where all the humor comes from in my life. We don't have a big living room on this show. We just have a kitchen and a bedroom. There's no sofa on our show. The modern sitcom couldn't exist in our show. It just ain't there.

It sounds like the *Honeymooners* set.

It is like *The Honeymooners*. Ralph works part-time in a muffler shop, and Alice is a nurse.

Can men and women get along?

They can get along, but they can't be happy and nice together all the time, like they are on so many sitcoms. Getting along to me means fucking, fighting, and trying to understand one-and-a-half percent more after the fight ends. Marriage is two steps forward and 48 [steps] back.

How does your wife deal with you insulting your daughter and her onstage?

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She's a little sick of it. It's not really fair to her. I don't have an alter ego onstage—I'm me. She has an alter ego on my stage. I demonize her to humorous effect.

Would you and your wife ever have another child?

Having one kid is an understandable mistake. Having a second child is stupid. Having a third kid is crazy.

So you're stupid, but are you crazy?

Two is enough. Don't misunderstand me. I live for it. I love having kids. As a parent, you're constantly making mistakes. You cause irreversible damage a couple times a day, but I love it. But I don't think we'll have any more. We're maintaining this well. I'm glad we didn't stop at one.

Why?

It's weird to just have one kid. Having one kid is an education. Having one child is like going to law school and not practicing law.

Becoming a father inspired your show?

Yes. I've written a number of pilots, but the material for this show just came flowing out of me naturally.

To whom do you owe your career?

My mother, Conan [O'Brien], and Chris Rock. When I moved to New York, I borrowed money from my poor mom. She gave me grocery money to keep me alive in New York. I owe everything to Conan, and later to Chris. Getting the job [with Conan] was big. It was hard work, but we created that show from the ground up.

What was it like working on David Letterman's show?

Letterman wasn't fun. It wasn't very inspiring. I was burned on the format and had enough after three months.

What did Chris Rock do for you?

Chris asked me to do his show just as I was about to work on *The Dana Carvey Show*. He told me he was going to have a show and that I could run it. I turned him down. I told him, "I'm going to be on a show on ABC. I'll be making real money. I'll be working with Dana Carvey." I told him, "You're just Chris Rock." He said, "But it's HBO. You'll be able to do whatever you want. You decide what happens on my show. I trust you." I turned him down. I told him I'm on to better things. Anyway, the network didn't like us, and we lasted about



seven weeks. My reputation wasn't very good since *The Dana Carvey Show* was such a debacle. What I learned from that experience is that failure is a great teacher. Chris called me three times after *The Dana Carvey Show* went into the shitter. He told me I could have a writing job. I wouldn't be running the show, but I needed that writing job, and it was such a great experience working on his show.

What does he think about *Louie*?

I called Chris and told him I'm doing a family sitcom before a live studio

audience for HBO. And I'll be able to say "fuck" to my TV wife. Chris said he would watch a show like this every night! It's one thing for a mobster like Tony Soprano to say "fuck," but it's a totally different thing for a family guy to say "fuck" to his family. I think people are ready for reality in a sitcom.

Where does it take place?

It could be anywhere. It could be in a town like Poughkeepsie, [New York], or Youngstown, [Ohio]. It's small-town U.S.A. Try to imagine a forgotten town with a factory that gives off a stench, a Chinese restaurant that gives off a smell like potato chips. Nobody gives a shit about these people. No one is looking after them. There's nothing admirable about these people in this small town.

That sounds like such great shows as *Sanford & Son*, *Taxi*, and *All in the Family*.

They were realistic shows, and that's something we will strive to be. —

"It's one thing for a mobster like Tony Soprano to say 'fuck,' but it's a totally different thing for a family guy to say 'fuck' to his family. I think people are ready for **reality** in a sitcom."

Service by Linda Giustino • Photographs by Brian Klutch

Bag It

Call it a man purse, a pocketbook, a business bag ... whatever. These days, men have almost as much crap to carry around as women. Whether you're hauling a laptop, iPod, financial reports, or just a change of underwear, these carryalls will do the trick. And yes, you'll still look manly doing it.

Clockwise from top left:

L.L. Bean leather messenger bag in soft, textured brown leather. \$129. LLBean.com

Johnston & Murphy slimline laptop brief in soft brown leather. \$262. Zappos.com

Overland Equipment Trinidad messenger bag. \$94. Zappos.com

Reaction Kenneth Cole Long Story Port business case in black leather. \$130. FranklinCovey.com



Opposite page, top to bottom:

Calvin Klein Collection men's textured calf messenger bag. \$554. Couture.Zappos.com

L.L. Bean sunwashed canvas messenger bag. \$49. LLBean.com

Lodis Racing Collection medium messenger in black leather. \$179. Zappos.com

Kangol Henry Obasi vinyl weekender with New York City skyline and train print. \$84. Zappos.com







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Arizona Dream

Nineteen-year-old 32-22-32

Brea Bennett loves yoga, golf, and football.

You're going to love *her!*

Photographs by Mark Lit for Hicks Photo



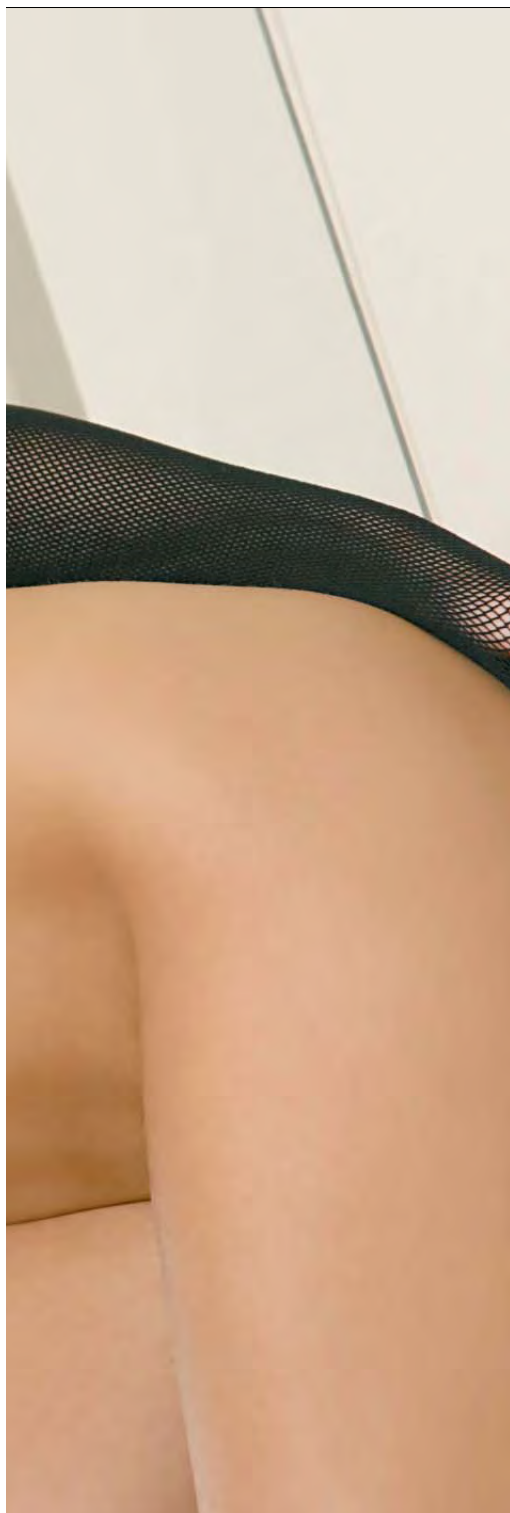


"I have a huge appetite," Brea says. "I eat 24/7. People always ask me what I do to stay fit, and I just laugh. I never diet—I thank God for my fast metabolism."





"My most memorable sexual experience was with a guy and a gorgeous Jamaican woman. Damn, where was the camcorder when I needed it?"





"Being in front of the camera comes so naturally to me—it's like I was born to do this." See more of Brea doing what comes naturally at Penthouse.com/brea.



TRADING PUNCH LINES WITH COMEDY'S BEST



Rolling Stone called him the “hot stand-up” of 2005. You can see why by checking out his *Shutterbugs* videos on [AzizIsBored.com](#). Look for Ansari this summer in *School for Scoundrels*, with Billy Bob Thornton and Jon Heder.

First off, I'd just like to thank you for pressing **ACCEPT** on my MySpace friend request. That really meant a lot to me.

Not a problem. [Laughs] I do what I can.

You have some sort of program that automatically accepts buddy requests, don't you?

Nah, I'm actually not quite as famous as some people think. Somebody sent me a Facebook message one time saying, “Wait a second, you're not the real Aziz Ansari, are you?” I'm like, “Uh, yes I am.” Who would wake up and say, “Today I'm gonna impersonate Aziz Ansari on Facebook?”

I have a theory on the inspiration for *Shutterbugs*: You and Rob Huebel came across a bunch of headshots of super-precocious kids and just went off on 'em, and it evolved from there. Am I right?

You're pretty close. The first *Crash Test* [a weekly show in NYC] we ever did, we had a bit where we wanted to get out

of performing and into management, 'cause that's where the money is. [We came up with some] top clients, and all our clients were real headshots of these kids. We acted like we took their pictures, too. Like, Brandon Nero came in, and Rob looks at me and goes, “Aziz? Do you have that white turtleneck?” “You mean the one I got from the Osh-Kosh B'Gosh sample sale?” “Yes! Put it on Brandon Nero.” When we came up with the *Shutterbugs* video idea, we wanted it to be more about the agency. And in episode two a rival agency steals our clients. In the third episode we break into their office, and a kid security guard catches

us—so of course we have to shoot him.

You shot the damn kid—that was the part I couldn't get out of my head. Did you actually swear in front of the tykes, or were their reaction shots filmed later?

The kids were never in the room with us. That was all editing. But we did really shoot the kid security guard. He was kind of a Method actor, and he's like, “You know, I really think this is funny, and it'd be a great way to immortalize myself on film.” We looked at each other, and we're like, “Done.”

Any Scarlett Johansson updates since you gave her your number and show

info while she was eating lunch with Josh Hartnett?

Nothing. I think she's still parading around town with Hartnett. No call. It's hard enough to get the regular girls to call me, much less the celebrities.

You worked with Billy Bob Thornton in the upcoming film *School for Scoundrels*. Describe that experience.

Billy Bob is a really cool guy. He definitely was wary of me at first. Eventually he came up to me and said, “At first I was really intimidated by you. You're just such a presence on-set.” I'm like, “Yeah. I know, Billy Bob. Now let's just get the movie done.”

Which song provoked the worst reactions in your “walk around New York with a boom box and hideous mix tape” video?

Definitely the Paula Cole *Dawson's Creek* theme song. What you don't see is that I kept rewinding the part where she sings, “I don't wanna wait / For this life to be over,” because that was the only part I knew how to sing. People just assumed that I must really like that part of the song.

You're a South Asian kid who grew up in the heart of South Carolina. Was that as awesome as it sounds?

[Laughs] It was generally fine. I got as much shit as any other kid. Maybe a little more at times, but in general, every kid got the same. It was me and a sea of white people, but you don't realize how odd that is until you leave and can look back at it. At the time it was all I knew, so it didn't seem quite as absurd as it does now.

You said in an interview, “You won't see me in some sitcom with an Indian guy and a white guy living together.” How could I sweeten the deal so you'd sign on the dotted line?

Maybe if you played the role of Dr. Sanjay Gupta and I played the role of Bill.

ADULTERERS ONLY

Whatever happened to old-fashioned cheating? The kind where you'd bang your secretary and your wife would find out because you came home late from work with secretary pussy on your breath? Nowadays, guys aren't getting (and wives aren't smelling)—ahem—*administrative assistant* pussy. Instead, the unfaithful are finding their extramarital tail on the Internet, and their partners are making the discoveries through computer hacking and *CSI*-caliber investigations. Welcome to the age of high-tech cheating.

Take my friend Clint, for

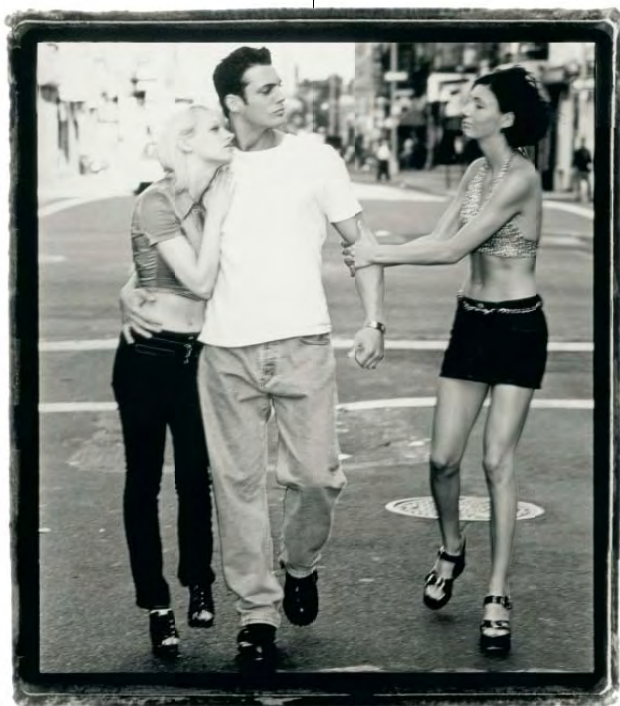
example—a classic cheater. He used to sit in front of a computer all day, surfing between MySpace.com and Nerve.com to determine which girls he had the best chance of boning while his girlfriend was at home making him a photo scrapbook for their two-year anniversary. The girlfriend eventually found out—as they always seem to do—simply by guessing his e-mail password and seeing the many “U r hottt I'd like to hit that” messages he sent to every skank in a tube top.

But that was a year ago. Clint recently confided that he was ready to settle down with

a woman he met on a dating site. She was gorgeous, intelligent, and not needy in the slightest. She didn't even spend the night after their incredible, mind-blowing sex. And oh, yeah. She's married. That's because the site where they met, AshleyMadison.com, is for married men and women seeking action from someone who can fulfill their “unmet needs”—someone other than their lawfully wedded spouse. The site boasts more than 700,000 cheatin' hearts looking for varying degrees of infidelity. Users indicate whether they want a relationship that's

hugging a man he'd never seen before. So he shelled out \$80 for the test, dug through her dirty laundry, and used the kit's black light to identify a stain in her undies, which he then put through a series of enzyme and DNA tests. What'd he find? Drum roll, please ... feminine secretions. Yes, in his girlfriend's panties, he found *feminine secretions*. Which means, in case you never took sex ed, her vagina is working properly. Al still isn't convinced, so he's hiring an investigator from CheatingSpousePI.com to see whether she's been sitting on a private dick of her own.

“The unfaithful are finding their extramarital tail on the Net, and their partners are making the discoveries through computer hacking and *CSI*/caliber investigations. Welcome to the age of high tech cheating.



short-term, long-term, or “tertiary,” which is fancy-speak for a one-night stand, as well as their limits and “fantasy guidelines” (e.g., “Cuddling is a no-no, but anal fisting is A-OK”).

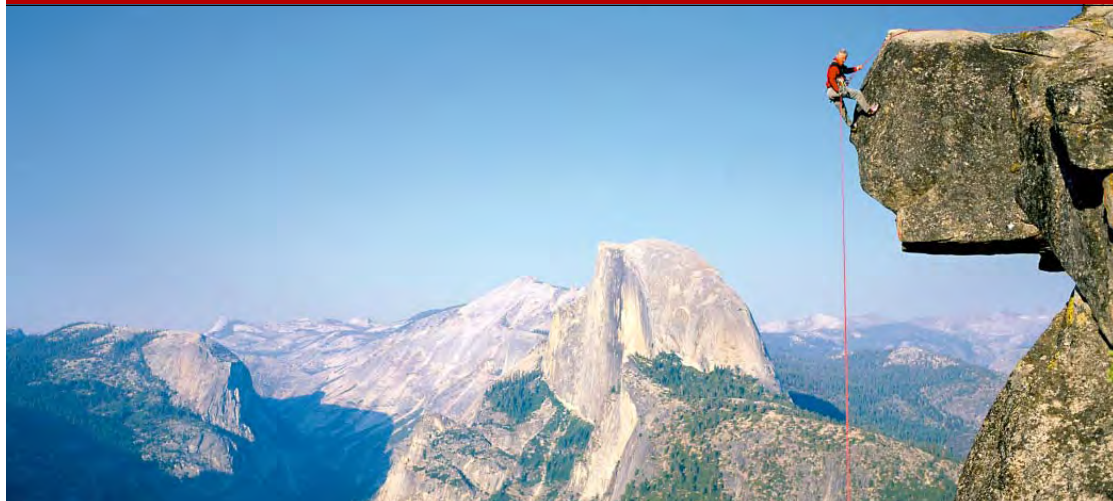
CHEATING SCENE INVESTIGATION

If you're planning to stray, you'd better hope your partner doesn't get her mitts on the Tru-Test Home Evidence Collection Kit (TruTestInc.com), an assortment of personal forensic tools that can determine whether the stains on your bedsheets contain DNA from your hot neighbor who's been coming over to borrow a lot more than sugar. My friend Al recently tested his fiancée, whom he suspects of messing around. He's been worried ever since he found a picture of her

ADULTERERS ANONYMOUS

Just like alcoholics and serial killers, adulterers also merit some sort of support system. For cheaters, it comes in the form of Philanderers.com. The site was created by a man who calls himself Doug Mitchell and has had a girlfriend for eight years—and his wife still doesn't know about her. At the beginning of his affair, he scoured the Internet for advice on cheating, but came up empty- (albeit, red-) handed. So Mitchell created a cheating community on the Web, where philanderers can help other philanderers pursue and/or maintain an extramarital relationship. The site contains valuable how-to guides, articles, and even jokes.

My advice? If you live with your woman, don't bookmark the page.



Yosemite Rules



Why Are
We Trashing
America's
Most
Beautiful
Park?

Article by Kristen Ulmer

When adventurer John Muir first hiked into what would later become Yosemite National Park, he gushed poetically about a place “divinely beautiful and sublime”—the nineteenth-century equivalent of “wow.” But these days, when world-class rock climber Paul Turecki drives into the same valley, his response is the modern classic: “Fuck.”

Both Muir and Turecki are talking about the jewel of California and the pride of the National Park Service. But the cathedral of enormous rock walls and giant sequoias that once inspired Teddy Roosevelt to say, “There can be nothing in the world more beautiful than Yosemite,” has turned into some-

thing out of a David Lynch movie, complete with serial killers, Peeping Toms, pollution, graffiti, and pedophiles.

Gang members come up from L.A. to tiny Yosemite Valley—just seven miles long by one mile wide—to graffiti the rocks. A family brought, and recently dropped, a \$10 million wrongful-death lawsuit against the park after their son died from a rock fall. And even when a handyman at Cedar



Paradise lost? The millions of visitors who descend on the park each year jam the parking lots, speed through Wawona Tunnel at Inspiration Point, and even stagger through bus exhaust to get a taste of Yosemite's beauty. Some of them feel compelled to leave messages behind.



Lodge murdered three tourists and decapitated a fellow employee in 1999, shock quickly turned to resignation among many park lovers.

The heart of the problem is that there are just too many people in too small an area. In 2005, almost 3.4 million visitors crammed in to see the same damn waterfalls and park at the same scenic overlooks. And, like prisoners in a jail, they often end up doing what any confined population does: carve themselves into small, self-serving groups that grab all they can for themselves and turn against the others, preaching about what should and should not be allowed.

The four-star, fine-



dining folks turn up their noses at the campers. The back-country hikers roll their eyes at the chip-eating fatties on the tour buses. RV owners sneer at one another for talking too loud in the campsites. And no one can stand the BASE jumpers—those nut-job daredevils who climb El Capitan and leap off, illegally, with a parachute; of course, they think they're better than everyone else.

Perhaps no conflict sums up the park's ego problems better than the turf war between rock climbers who flock there from all over the world and the Park Service rangers who are among

the icons of Yosemite. In their starched gray shirts and broad, flat-brimmed hats, the rangers often get asked to pose for photos next to awestruck children. You can easily imagine the rangers meandering around, carrying guidebooks and warmly pointing out huckleberry bushes to hand-holding couples.

And so it was, but times have changed. Those starched shirts now often hide bullet-proof vests, and their belts come accessorized with nine-millimeter Sig Sauers. The rangers bust enough heads that the park has its own jail and a full-time U.S. magistrate to deal with all

the "criminals."

Common crimes at Yosemite include sleeping in vehicles overnight and trying to stay in the park beyond the two-week limit. Turecki and other climbers chafe at these rules and resent the rangers for what they see as constant disrespect. The time limit, many climbers say, epitomizes everything that's wrong with how the park is run, and for whose benefit. It targets only a tiny percentage of park visitors—those with arguably the least impact on the land. Camp Four, where the climbers congregate, is spotlessly clean: Those park visitors take care of themselves without the need for housekeeping, tour guides, or interpretative pamphlets.

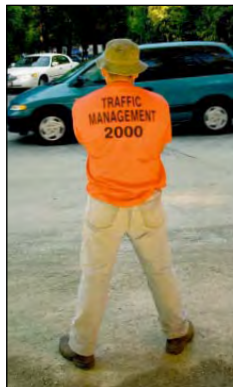
The rangers, meanwhile, operate with big responsibilities but not a big budget, and possess the one thing climbers can't go without: access to the unique, challenging big walls of Yosemite. A 3,000-foot vertical climbing route made of handholds no larger than dimes can take weeks just to preview, never mind climb. So



to be a climber in Yosemite, you *have* to become a criminal—the two-week rule virtually guarantees that.

Climbers are forced to hide out, sleeping anywhere they can. That means they eventually crap in the talus fields and expose their food to the bears, who can't get enough of stale granola. So the rangers feel justified in being there to catch the climbers, often smirking annoyingly when they cross the line. Park spokesman Scott Gediman defends the frontline troops this way: "Look, we've come a long way.... We've developed [a search-and-rescue operation based at Camp Four], where certain climbers are paid to help with rescues." A tall man who is made even taller by his big hat, Gediman also offers numerous "he said, she said" examples for every grievance the climbers express. And, he concludes, "the ranger-climber conflict is just old and tired."

Lincoln Else, a "climbing ranger" hired in part to deal with "the climber problem," nails the situa-



Joni Kabana



tion by stating the obvious: "The climbers just want something to rebel against. They thrive on the conflict, and it's pretty petty."

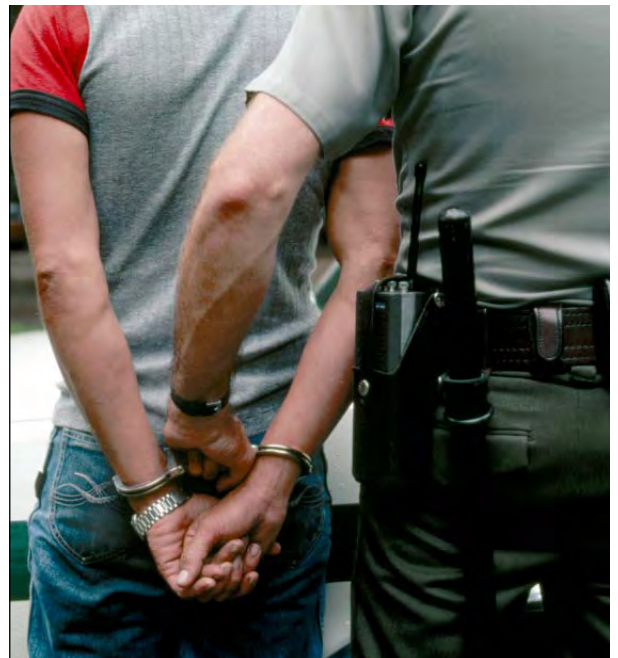
And it *is* pretty petty, actually, trying to balance all the attitudes of every visiting subgroup. But, Else wonders, "how do you enjoy a place like this, and keep everyone happy in a petri dish, without destroying it?"

The answer is, you can't. The average park visitor is in town for fewer than four hours—why stay longer when you can buy the DVD for \$9.95 in the gift shop? Tourists come to the valley in their sputtering RVs and diesel trucks, adding pollution to an environment already threatened by Central Valley spillover and

pesticides from nearby farms.

But in the midst of all this unpleasantness, there is a glimmer of hope. Some campers at Camp Four admit that, maybe, Else is helping to smooth things over a bit. Back at park HQ, when pressed, Gediman says perhaps the two-week rule unfairly targets climbers.


Last fall, in the climber-sponsored spirit of "We can do better than this," 600 locals rallied and picked up 7,655 pounds of cigarette butts, soda cans, and lollipop sticks from beneath the redwood trees. And right there among them, working in tandem, were climbers and rangers. Why? Because there's only

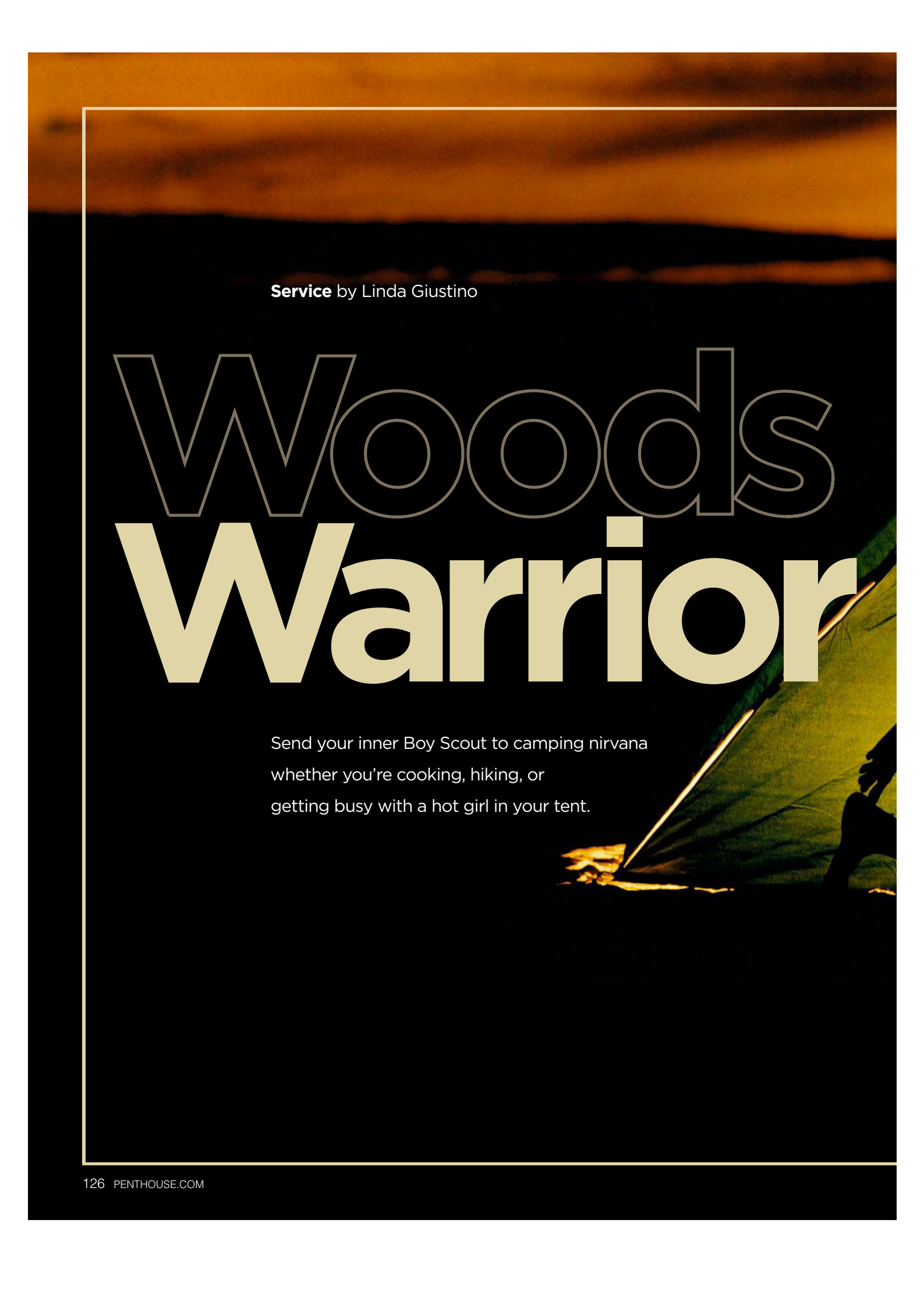


Conflicts of interest? Among the various personalities (clockwise from top left): ranger Scott Gediman; a camper in cuffs; Cary Stayner, the handyman who killed four people in 1999; Native American Julia Parker, a descendant of the park's first inhabitants; a park traffic manager.

one Yosemite: It's the jewel of California, and they all know it.

Taking it all in, from the courtyard of the park's museum, is Julia Parker, an elderly Native American woman who, I've been told, is a descendant of the first inhabitants of this valley. Her ancestors were likely murdered by the ancestors of some of the folks who today pay her to weave baskets.

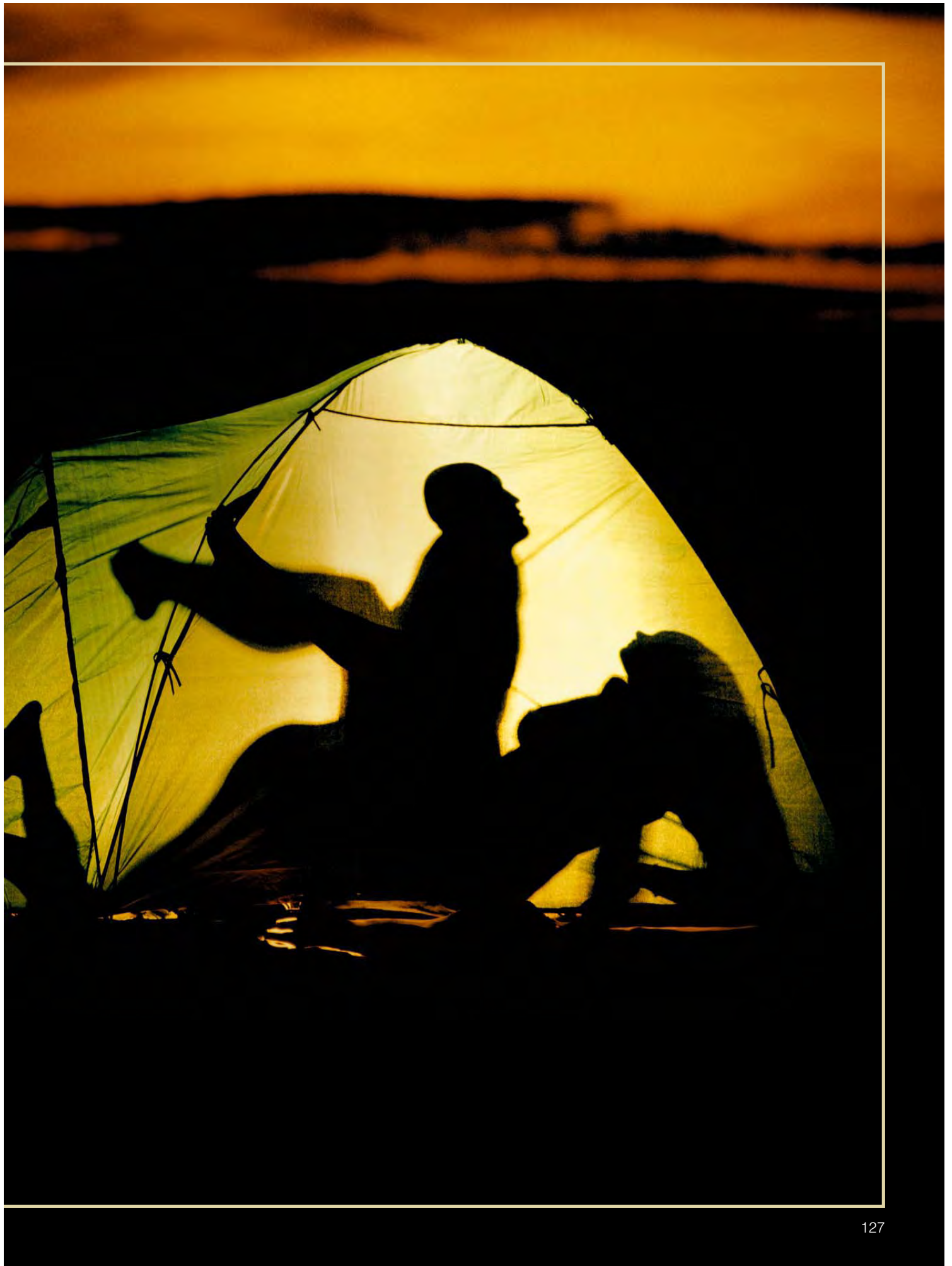
For years, she has watched as the sun rises through the trees and sets on Half Dome. This place will still be here long after man has burned himself out. And so she weaves, trying to be happy in a place she loves as much as everyone else, laughing as a coyote pisses on a nearby rock. 



Service by Linda Giustino

Woods Warrior

Send your inner Boy Scout to camping nirvana
whether you're cooking, hiking, or
getting busy with a hot girl in your tent.





Lumberjack Lunch Box

Light My Fire's Outdoor Meal Kit has two plates, a spill proof cup, a spork, a colander/cutting board, and a waterproof box to store it all.

It's made of environmentally friendly plastic. \$24. LightMyFireUSA.com



I Wear My Sunglasses

Ray-Ban Wayfarer sunglasses have scratch resistant green lenses that block 100 percent of the sun's harmful UV rays. Available in black and tortoise. \$70. CampMor.com



Pack It Up

The EMS Bomber Duffle Bag 3000 has large openings, making it easy to fill its 3,000 cubic inches. The handles switch to shoulder straps, and it's made of tough 1,690 denier pack fabric for treks through airports and canyons alike. \$79. EMS.com

Light Sleeper

The EMS Velocity 35 Sleeping Bag weighs only one pound ten ounces and folds down to five by nine inches. It's perfect for backpackers, and the weather resistant 20 denier Pertex Quantum shell will keep you warm and dry. \$189. EMS.com

Don't Be Afraid of the Dark

The Brunton L1 One Watt LED Headlamp has four light modes and will illuminate the path up to 115 feet. Perfect for late night bathroom trips in the woods. \$80. Brunton.com

Saw It Off

You never know when you might need to cut some wood, trim some rope ... or even saw off your hand. Seriously, this folding camp saw is a nifty little tool to have around, no matter what chore is in store. \$24. BuckKnives.com





Step Up

The Cadence GTX lightweight hiking shoe is waterproof, made of tough Gore Tex, and has great grips for optimum traction. It's recommended for late fall, winter, and early spring. \$100. EMS.com

Give Me Shelter

The Eastern Mountain Sports Nova 4 tent sleeps four and even has a waterproof screened in porch. It weighs less than 19 pounds, has two doors, and is good for camping in three seasons. \$349. EMS.com



Storm Tracker

The ThunderBolt Storm Detector can warn you about potentially dangerous weather. It tracks conditions up to 75 miles away, notifies you of a storm with an alarm, and tells you how long till it arrives. \$430. SpectrumThunderBolt.com



Stargazing

Keep yourself entertained all night long.

The SkyScout can locate a specific star in the sky by showing you directions through the viewfinder, or it can identify the star you're looking at with the touch of a button. \$399. Celestron.com



Light the Way

This Essential Gear Luxeon Star One Watt Alkaline Series Aluminum Hand Torch is ten to 15 times brighter than a standard flashlight and will light your way for up to 50 hours. It's also lightweight and water resistant. \$50. CampMor.com

Summer Shower

Camping doesn't mean you have to stink. Before you and your girl climb into that double sleeping bag, clean up in Cabela's Shower Shelter. It's easy to assemble and it might convince your lady to sleep in the woods more often. \$100. Cabelas.com





Light up the Night

Read in your tent, write in your journal, or play poker by the campfire. This Essential Gear 12 LED Lantern features cool bulbs that don't attract bugs. A dimmer switch controls the light's intensity. \$40. CampMor.com



Go North

While a GPS unit is great for hiking and camping, there's nothing like an update on the good old fashioned compass to help you navigate the woods. The Brunton Classic 8040G should be in every hiker's backpack. \$25. CampMor.com



Like a Saint Bernard, Only Better

The pocket size, waterproof TerraFix 406 MHz GPS Personal Locator Beacon transmits via a satellite system. A unique distress signal enables rescue agencies to save you quickly. \$699. CampMor.com

Under the Covers, Under the Stars

Cabela's Ultimate Adam & Eve Double Sleeping Bag is made of goose down and Thermolite Quallo insulation for all weather protection. With comfort like this, you won't be roughing it. \$270. Cabelas.com



Turn in

The Deluxe XPG tent is not only super light (nine pounds 13 ounces), but the anodized aluminum poles break down shorter than standard poles and are 30 percent lighter. The floor is 90 by 102 inches and sleeps four. \$180. Cabelas.com



Everything but the Kitchen Sink

Cabela's Instant Cooking Station provides many comforts of home and is much easier than leaning over a campfire. Unfold it, put your stove on top, and you're ready to cook in seconds. \$55. Cabelas.com



IF IT AIN'T ROUGH, IT AIN'T RIGHT

**Detroit
Pistons point
guard
Chauncey
Billups talks to
Penthouse
Sports Editor
John Bolster
about his
gravel-road
rise to NBA
superstardom,
his new video
game, and
sightings of
that rare
female spe-
cies, the
chiwollephant.**

If you plotted the career path of Detroit Pistons point guard Chauncey Billups on a flowchart, the resulting figure would look like San Francisco's famous Lombard Street: full of hairpin turns, but steadily rising. Since he jumped to the NBA in 1997, following his sophomore year at the University of Colorado, Billups has been on six teams in nine seasons. But the label "journeyman" most definitely does not stick to him. After two promising seasons in Minnesota (2000–01 and 2001–02), Billups landed with the Pistons in 2002 and blossomed into one of the NBA's premier point guards, adding "NBA champion" and "Finals MVP" (2004), then "All-Star" (2006), to his itinerant résumé. As he and the Pistons gun for another NBA title this spring,





Billups recently put another feather in his cap: He signed a deal to be the cover athlete for *Phenom*, the latest edition of Midway's multimillion-selling *NBA Ballers* video game.

Now that you're the star of your own video game, have you finally arrived as a player?

[Laughs] You know what? It's a lot of fun, and it's a bigger honor than some people might think. It's sad, but kids today, they go home and play video games before they do homework. I would never promote that, but that's just to show you the impact of these video games. So it's a huge thing to be able to have your face on a video game.

This was the first year you made the All-Star game. What's up with that?

I think I've been deserving for a few years now. But sometimes it just doesn't work out. There are always three or four guys who are just as deserving as the guys who make it, [but they] don't make it. So I fell victim to that. I'm proud of finally making it, though. It gives me and my career some validation. But that's not all—I want more, you know what I'm saying? I want more.

Former Pistons coach Larry Brown has gotten a lot of credit from the media for helping you solidify your game. But current Pistons coach Flip Saunders recently said, "I don't think Chauncey's game has changed that much since I had him [in Minnesota, 2000–02]." Is that true?

Yeah, that's probably true. I had one good year and one great year in Minnesota. And my game really hasn't changed that much. My *opportunities* changed, though. In Flip's system, I'm called on to score a little more, read defenses, make plays a little more.

What are some of the things that Larry Brown did do for your game?

Larry was huge for me. He taught me that I could dominate a game without having to score a lot. Before that, I thought that since scoring was one of the things I was best at, I would have to have 25, 30 points to dominate a game. Now there are games when I shoot seven or eight times, get seven or eight points, but control the tempo, get everybody the rock, and I can go home and feel good about that. He taught me that.

What do you think of the trouble Brown had in New York this season?

I predicted the first half of the season would be tough for Larry and the Knicks, because I *know*. I've been through it with him, and I know his coaching style is different, and it takes a whole team a long time to learn that. And it takes him a while to learn the players. But I didn't think it would be this tough.

Speaking of guys who used to be in Detroit, what's the book on Darko Milicic? Do you think he's going to make it in the league?

I do. I think the change of scenery is huge for him. He worked hard those couple of years [in Detroit], but he just didn't ... We've got a great team. He couldn't crack that lineup. But there are not many guys who could, you know what I'm saying? There are not many guys that could. We've got All-Stars all around the board. So I think it's a great opportunity for him.

Can you tell our readers something about life in the NBA that they may not know?

I think the thing people don't really realize about the NBA—because, you know, you see it on TV and you see *Cribs* and all that—is it's really kind of a

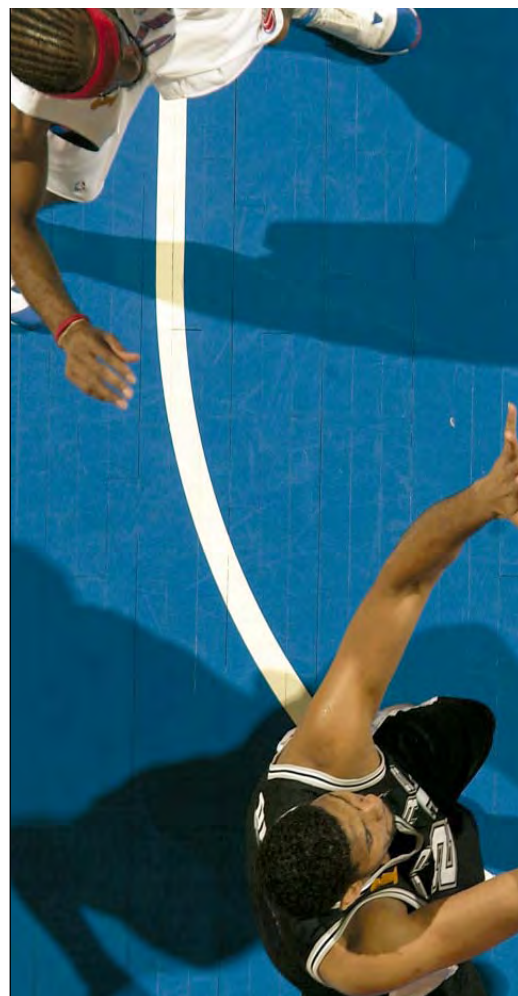


boring lifestyle. Because we play, like, four games a week, and we have practice once a day for two hours. Other than that, you go home and you just sit there like it ain't nothing.... It's really boring. For me it's not, because I've got kids and I'm chasing them around all the time, but [for most guys] it really is. As opposed to college, where you got stuff to do all day, and then you got practice, and then you got homework. You've got something going on all the time. In the NBA? You got nothing.

How about hostile crowds? Has the atmosphere in NBA arenas changed since the Ron Artest incident?

Not really. For us, they sell out everywhere we go—because they want to beat us. We're everybody's big game, pretty much. I love playing at home, and I love our fans, but I like playing on the road more than anything. I love that there's 18,000 people there saying, "You can't do *nothin'*. You ain't winning." I *love* it, man. I get that adrenaline. The best games I've played are on the road, because I just love that challenge.

I was at a Cincinnati Reds game last season, and when Ken Griffey Jr. came up, a guy yelled, "Hey, Griffey, my blood-alcohol content is higher than your batting average right now!" That got a big laugh. Do you ever get witty hecklers at NBA games?



Every gym has a couple. I don't know any that I heard lately, but we always hear some pretty good ones.

How about other players talking trash on the court? Who's the best?

K.G. [Kevin Garnett] likes to talk a lot. But that's my man, so I don't really take it seriously. G.P. [Miami Heat guard Gary Payton] can talk, too.

I think a lot of guys want to know how married NBA players deal with temptation on the road. Women must be all over you. How do you resist?

For me, man, I'm married to my high school sweetheart. So I've been having to resist for years. Since I was 17, we've been together. When I got to the NBA, and after I went through a couple of years, [resisting] became easy to me. But I can see how people would struggle. It's just all up to how much willpower you have. But anything you want—it's there for you, you know what I'm saying? It's just a matter of whether you're crazy enough to take it.

What about groupies?

[Laughs] You know what? They're easy to spot. I can tell you that. They come in all different shapes, sizes, ages, whatever. But once you've been through it for a while, they're easy to spot, man. They stick out like a sore thumb.

In his memoir about playing in the NBA, *Life on the Run*, former Knick



Bill Bradley introduced the world to the term *chiwollephant*, a word his teammates used. A chiwollephant is so ugly that she looks part chimpanzee, part wolf, and part elephant....

[Laughing]

Do you ever see any chiwollephants in the hotels?

Oh yeah, no doubt. I don't know about in the hotels, but I've seen 'em around, for sure. *You're* gonna see some this weekend, too.

***[Laughs]* I'll keep an eye out. You're planning to play for the U.S. national team in the world championships and the 2008 Olympics. Are you surprised at how quickly the rest of the world has gained ground in basketball?**

There's some great basketball being played in other countries. Of course, I believe we have the best players in the world here. I think the last little run [sixth in the 2002 world championships, third in the 2004 Olympics] was a tough one. But I think now, you got guys who're gonna step up and play with a little more pride to try to regain our reputation here in the U.S. This game is worldwide [now], and these teams, they've played together for years and years, so they have that cohesiveness that the U.S.A. team never really has the chance to get. But now I think it'll be a little different, because this team has got to be together for two or three years, two or three summers in a row.

Besides getting top players and assembling the team earlier so it can jell, is there anything else USA Basketball needs to do?

Not really. I think the biggest thing is selecting a team, and not necessarily picking the best ten players in the NBA. You gotta pick a *team*. You gotta pick guys who are unselfish, who know how to win, and who have been in some

tough grinds. You can't just pick seven out of the eight top scorers in the league. Who's going to get them the ball? And you can't pick all athletes, guys who can jump and run. You gotta get shooters. You gotta comprise a good team, and I think they're trying to do a better job of that.

Has the influence of And1-type street ballers hurt the American player?

Not really. I think we're just so athletic as a whole. Sometimes you get by for so long being athletic that you never have to learn a jump stop. You never go in there and jump off two feet, because when you jump off one you can just dunk every time. [The jump stop is] a fundamental thing, but things come to you so easy sometimes that you [can] lose track of that. Are [foreign players] a little more fundamentally based? Maybe. But at the end of the day, does that make a difference in who's better? I don't think so.


You came out of school early for the draft, and that worked out well. But do you think too many guys are coming out early nowadays?

I can't really say, because I can just look at my situation. I thought it was the right time for me. And even though my early years didn't turn out so great, I would do the same thing [over again], because I couldn't have been any hotter in college. My team went from, like, worst in the Big Eight to second in the Big 12. We went to the tournament; I played great. And I turned up the third pick in the draft. Had I come back, I wouldn't have been the third pick in the draft, because my team wouldn't have been as good. My exposure wouldn't have been the same. So I think it's just to each his own. I can't say so-and-so should have gone to school.

What do you think of the NBA's new age limit of 19?

I don't really agree with it, but it is what it is. You can't tell me that if I'm 18 years old and I'm totally ready to go play, you're gonna take that opportunity off the table for me. I can go to war and fight for this country at 18—you can't tell me that I can't go get the job of my dreams at 18, if I'm ready.

You credit your family and your two best friends for much of your success. What role have your buddies played in your rise to stardom?

They're just always there for me. When stuff ain't good, they find a way to be like, "Look, man, you'll be all right. Just keep working. Just keep working." If it ain't rough, it ain't right. That's kind of the motto me and my dudes live by. And when I get in those tough situations, I always felt that way. Like, yeah, "If it ain't rough, it ain't right—I'm gonna get through this." —





HANDS-ON DESIGNER

"I love the simple, clean lines of this loft," says decorator Iveta Rucka. "So we used furniture that is just as simple in style but equally sophisticated. The eye-catching, stripped-down minimalism of the space inspired my own striptease."

Photographs by Robert Gordon





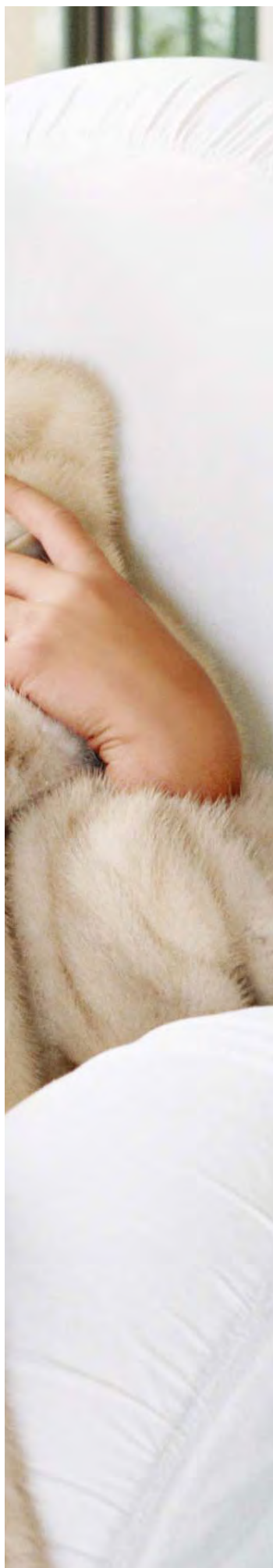
All the room needed was a few accents," Iveta continues. "Sometimes less is more. That motto has always served me well—and I've learned to use it if I want to be noticed by a potential lover."



We're looking for the hottest girls in America. **Go to PenthouseModels.com**







When erotic inspiration strikes I always seal the deal, even if I have to take matters into my own hands." Ivetta, we're ready to help you out! For even more stimulating photos of this sultry brunette, visit Penthouse.com/ivetta.



Your Guide to Looking Good

Heavy Mettle

Tackling the ultimate home-improvement project—your body—requires a proper set of tools. These workhorses are up to the task and get the job done right every time.

1. Make Every Stroke Count

Got stubble trouble? Your face has met its match with the Norelco SmartTouch-XL. It has 50 percent greater surface area than your standard rotary head, which means a faster



shave. It also has more blades and holes for a smoother, closer finish. The Personal Comfort Control System adjusts to your skin type, and the Contour Following System adapts to every curve. A one-hour charge provides 30 days of cordless shaving. Other top touches include an easy-to-read LCD, a pop-up trimmer, and a stainless-steel carrying case. (Norelco.com)

2. Hairy Situation

Norelco knows not all shaving happens from the neck up. Its new BodyGroom is designed to trim and shave unruly and unwanted hair from all body zones, including the groin, chest, abs, and shoulders. Chromium-steel trimmer blades and a hypoallergenic shaving foil lessen irritation on even the most sensitive skin. (Norelco.com)

3. What's Got Your Goat?

If you have a goatee, you need "the Goatee" from Wahl—it's designed to achieve and maintain the exact look you're after. The slim, ergonomic design allows for easy maneuverability and an accurate sight line, and the 11-position length guide—from one-sixteenth of an inch to half an inch—lets you whittle your whiskers to your personal preference. The self-sharpening blades provide ongoing accuracy and durability, and the dual head rotates from full-size to detail blades. (Wahl.com)

4. Fuzz Buster

Just when you think you're all cleaned up, a nasty nose hair or some ear fuzz can bring you down. The Micro Touch Turbo from T2: Touch Technologies can go where no razor should, effortlessly tackling even the smallest, most sensitive areas. And since the Micro Touch is battery operated, there's no unruly cord to wrangle. (800-758-9029)

5. A Better Blowjob

Maybe you're the lucky guy who can wash his hair, towel-dry, and get going.

More than likely, though, your mop needs a little help from time to time. The Infiniti Tourmaline Ionic Styler from Conair uses ionic technology to dry hair from the inside out, and to smooth the hair shaft for easier styling. Powered by 1,875 watts and a professional-grade motor, this dryer has three heat settings and two speeds, as well as a removable filter and travel pouch. (Conair.com)

6. Self-Reflection

Standing two feet away from the bathroom mirror is fine when you're flossing, but sometimes you need a closer look. For a better view, consider the Mirror Image by Kimball & Young. It's stylish and takes up very little space, but offers 3x magnification whenever you need to get up close and personal. (CaswellMassey.com)

7. Stand and Deliver

Shaving sets from Caswell-Massey don't just work on your beard—they're works of art, too. And a multitude of designs means one is certain to suit your taste. This handsome set in stainless steel and faux horn comes complete with razor, badger shave brush, and a matching stand to keep your luxurious shaving goods together. (CaswellMassey.com)

8. Pass Your Orals

Get your pearly whites as polished as possible with the Sonicare Elite 7500. Its bristle tips move three times faster than those of other leading power tooth-



brushes, and the angled neck allows for a better reach. Choose from two speeds: high for optimal brushing or low for sensitive areas, tongue brushing, and gum massage. A recharge gauge lets you know when it's time to power up, and the bonus brush head means you get a full year of brushing without having to buy a replacement. (Sonicare.com)

9. At a Steady Clip

Little things make a big difference, so don't neglect your hands and feet. Your girl may not notice that your fingernails and toenails are well-groomed—but she'll be grossed out if they *aren't*. Pour Homme's stainless-steel fingernail clipper and toenail clipper have ultra-sharp, slightly curved cutting edges that use the force of a lever to achieve a clean cut. And unlike most clippers, these feature a convenient holder to catch your castoffs. (Zwilling.com)

10. Go Pluck Yourself

Tired of dealing with unwanted stray hairs? Tweezerman's Grooming Tweezer for men helps you clean up your act. This stainless-steel tool is designed with perfectly aligned, slightly rounded tips for easy, precise, almost painless plucking. For a customized tweeze, adjust the spring tension by gently pulling apart the two halves. (Tweezerman.com)

11. The Handyman Can

To get the most from your shower, put your hands to good use. Body Buff Gloves from MenScience Androceuticals are designed to gently exfoliate your skin and are perfect for lathering up with your favorite soap or body wash. And unlike a raggedy old washcloth, the gloves' black micromesh material is resistant to bacteria and mildew. Put them on when you're showering with your lady friend, since she just may find them a little bit kinky to boot. (MenScience.com)

12. Slice of Life

When you need to snip, the unwieldy pair of scissors in your kitchen drawer just won't do. Tweezerman has a full line of grooming scissors: sharp, tapered blades for fingernails, and more powerful blades for toenails. Cuticle scissors feature extra-sharp curved tips (perfect for hangnails), and the facial-hair pair is designed to curve away from the skin for safety. Tweezerman scissors, like all the company's products, come with free lifetime sharpening. Get the point? (Tweezerman.com)



TECHNOMANIA

High Tech Tools for the 21st Century

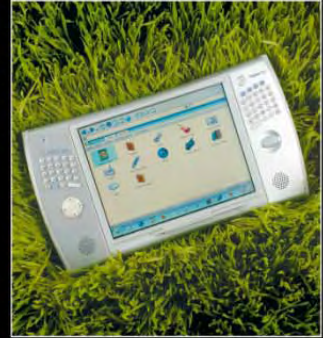
Let's Take It Outside

You'll love riding **Electra Bicycle Company's Straight 8** cruiser—featuring Fatti-O tires, a forward-pedaling aluminum frame, and Shimano Nexus three-speed rear hub internal gears—on the beach, boardwalk, or road. \$570. ElectraBike.com





Pepper Pad,
a splash resistant
handheld media
computer with built
in Wi Fi, lets you
access the Internet
poolside and
even wirelessly
control your
PC or stereo using
the infrared and
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\$850. Pepper.com



The **Motorola
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lets you stay in
touch over a 12 mile
range and 22
channels, each with
121 privacy codes.
The batteries provide
seven hours of
static free talk time.
\$80 per pair.
HelloMoto.com





Don't start your barbecue without **Marvel's** deluxe stainless-steel **outdoor beer dispenser**, which holds half- and quarter-kegs. \$3,010. LifeLuxuryMarvel.com



Stay on track with the **TomTom Rider** GPS navigator for motor cycles. Detailed street maps and real time access to weather conditions will make your next trip a breeze. \$900. TomTom.com



The waterproof **Tree Stump Speaker** by **StereoStone** has 125 watts of power for great, discreet sound outdoors. It's 18 inches in diameter, 15 inches high, and weighs 25 pounds. \$400. StereoStone.com

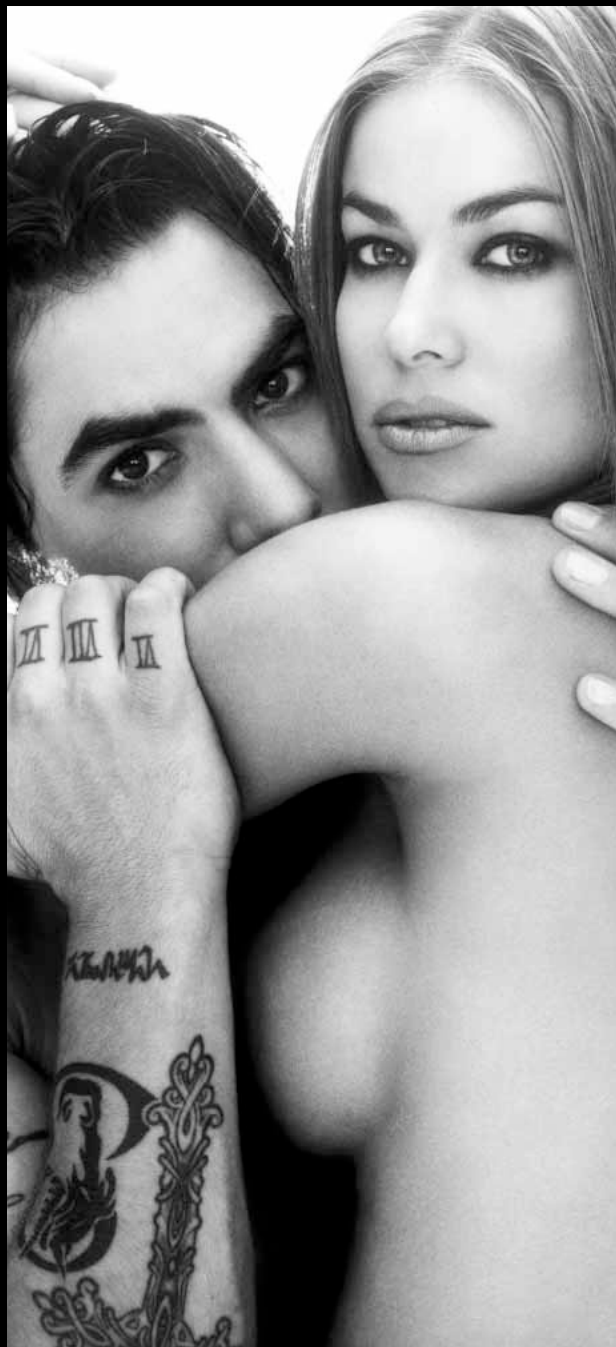


With **Jeep Rubicon s JXGRIL** weather resistant, portable tailgate and camping gas grill, you can cook a juicy T bone almost anywhere. A one pound propane tank fires up hours of outdoor grilling. \$100. StoreKNGAmerica.com



The **Vantage Pro2** wireless weather station by **Davis Instruments** is a must-have for camping, picnics, and skiing. Provides detailed readings and local forecasts. \$600. DavisNet.com

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



Ssssmokin'!

Rocker **Dave Navarro** is one lucky guy. His wife, the comely **Carmen Electra**, sure knows how to keep a marriage strong: The thing is to stay connected, she says. No matter where you are in the world, you have to talk on the phone every day. You have to stay connected. And [have] a lot of great sex that helps, too.

In the Joint

A Utah man who called police to report that a quarter pound of marijuana had been stolen from him was later arrested when authorities recovered the weed and invited him down to the Public Safety Building to identify it.

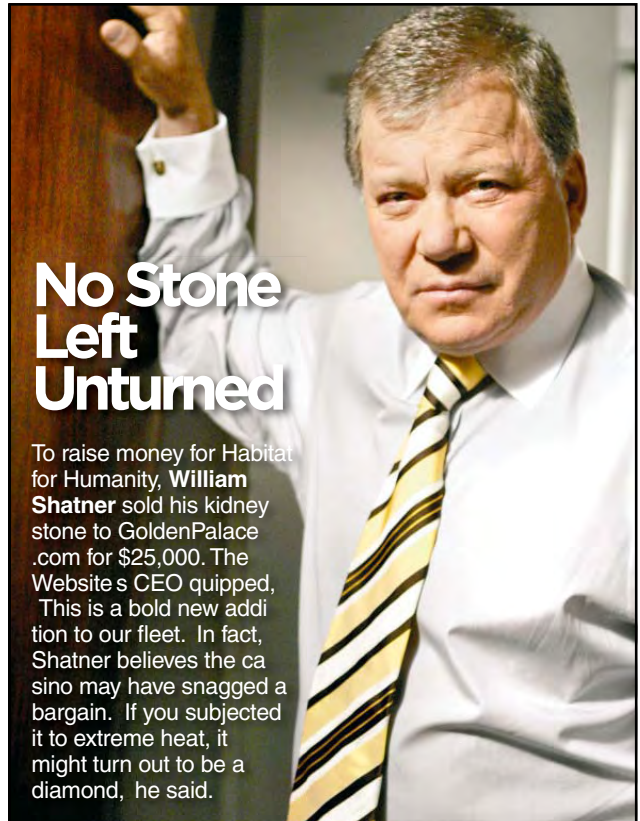
Point Taken

Jake Gyllenhaal has appeared on screen with some of Hollywood's sexiest starlets, including **Gwyneth Paltrow** and **Emmy Rossum**. So what's it like to film a love scene? Admits Gyllenhaal, "There have been times when I've been working with women and they've just said, 'Hey, I've faked it before, I can fake it again.'"



No Stone Left Unturned

To raise money for Habitat for Humanity, **William Shatner** sold his kidney stone to GoldenPalace.com for \$25,000. The Website's CEO quipped, "This is a bold new addition to our fleet. In fact, Shatner believes the casino may have snagged a bargain. If you subjected it to extreme heat, it might turn out to be a diamond," he said.





Sex, Drugs, and Perfect Folds

As it turns out, sometimes it's better to give than to receive just ask **Jenny McCarthy**. My ex boyfriend got me organization as a gift, she says. I opened up all my drawers and they were organized. I was like, What did you do with my vibrator and my drugs?



Pissed Off

A teenager suddenly found himself shit out of luck after he fell out the window of a moving charter bus while using the restroom and landed on the New York State Thruway.

No Ordinary Joe

What's in a name? Depends on who you ask. Chinese immigrant **Fuk King Kwok** changed his name to Andy Kwok after people repeatedly mispronounced his moniker. Explains the former Fuk King, In translation to English, it sounds like ... the word ... you know ... sometimes language is not so convenient, and sometimes I'm embarrassed.



Dr. Strangelove

Take two of these and call me in the morning may take on new meaning in New Zealand, where a general practitioner has turned his medical center into a brothel. Citing similarities between medicine and the world's oldest profession, the good doctor explains, It's about providing a private service and maintaining confidentiality, which is what my medical practice was about so it's not a big leap, really.

Back in Black

Kate Beckinsale, on the lengths of latex she donned for the *Underworld* series: "Any woman asked to wear head-to-toe latex is going to experience a little gasp of panic, but it's fun. You actually forget you're wearing it after a while, but other people sure don't. I'd bend over to tie my shoes and four grips behind me would be making groaning noises, and suddenly I'd be quite aware again."





Lube Job

Maybe she just wanted to kick around the tires: A woman who snuck into Detroit's North American International Auto Show after hours was found posing nude atop a Dodge Challenger. If only every security breach involved breasts....



Here's to You, Mrs. Robinson

Jonathan Rhys Meyers is channeling his inner Benjamin Braddock. The 28-year-old actor says of 41-year-old **Teri Hatcher**, "She's just sex on legs. She's an older woman I imagine could teach me a few things."



Politics as Usual?

Look for the Minnesota gubernatorial race to turn into a bloodbath. Among the candidates is **Jonathon the Impaler Sharkey**, a satanic dark priest running under the Vampyres, Witches and Pagans Party banner. Part of Sharkey's platform is a pledge to publicly execute by impalement murderers, terrorists, and drug dealers. Unlike other candidates, I'm not going to hide my evil side, he says.

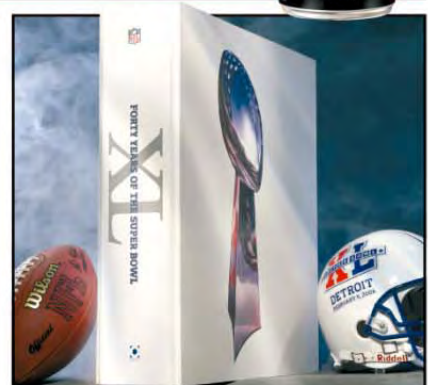
Soda Jerk

The creators of Turn On, a soft drink about to hit store shelves nationwide, are marketing it as the next great aphrodisiac. Claims a warning label on the can, "This beverage will arouse you. We don't know if it works, but it sure beats oysters."



Score!

Saudi Arabia's Education Ministry is altering final exam schedules so that soccer-crazed students won't have to worry about their studies interfering with World Cup action.



Size Does Matter

There's nothing small about XL: *Forty Years of the Super Bowl*. The super size tome, due out this September, will weigh more than 85 pounds and carry a hefty price tag to match \$4,000. And before you go for two, consider this: A copy signed by all the living Super Bowl MVPs will command a whopping \$25,000.



VICES & VANITIES

Sex From Z to A

ASK DOC ZDROK

Play It Cool

I've been dating a girl I really like. I sent her flowers, surprised her with a gift certificate to a fancy spa, and buy her a little present every time we see each other. However, after a few weeks of this she seems to have grown distant. When I ask her out, she says she's too busy, and she is not as receptive to my phone calls as she initially was. What did I do wrong?—C.Z., Arizona

You may have come on too strong and lost some of your masculine mystique in the process. Surprisingly, seeming too interested can be a turnoff to many women. Ladies like to be pursued, but if you overdo it, those with low self-esteem may think something is wrong with you for wanting them so much. Needy, clingy, or desperate guys repel most women: You need to



GETTING TO ME!

If you have a question, a story, a sex toy for me, or just a (nice) comment, please visit Penthouse.com/drz, e-mail victoria@penthouse.com, or send snail mail to Dr. Victoria Zdrok, Penthouse, 2 Penn Plaza, Suite 1125, New York, N.Y. 10121.

“Let him catch you playing with yourself before bed. I predict he'll be so excited by your enthusiasm that he'll rise to the occasion before you go over the brink.”

pull back to pique her interest again. We always want what we cannot easily have, so try to be more unavailable and less predictable. Get busy with work and friends, ignore some of her voice mails, and let her initiate a phone call or two. But be careful not to push her away altogether! Approach but then retreat, and reward her with occasional gifts—particularly when she is affectionate and responsive. It's what psychologists call a “variable ratio schedule of reinforcement.” That's psychobabble for giving her positive feedback for the behavior you like—but not every time—while ignoring the behavior you dislike in her. This is how they train animals in the circus! Before you know it, your coy lioness will be purring like a content kitten.

Bare Essentials

My girlfriend is very hairy down there, and I gotta admit that I don't enjoy sex with her as much as I would if she were shaven. Who wants hair in their food? How do I persuade her to get rid of the bush?—E.L., Florida

Shave her. Seriously! Shaving your girl will be a big turn-on for both of you—as long as you don't nick her with the razor. Have her stand in the shower with one leg on the edge of the tub and be sure to use lots of shaving cream. If you gently rub in moisturizer afterward, it may lead directly to some passionate sex. The best thing about shaving is that to avoid having it itch down there, she'll want you to do it every few days! Once your girlfriend begins to enjoy being bare down there, you can suggest that she get a Brazilian bikini wax at a salon. (I only do it on special occasions, as it is extremely painful.)

(like depression, medication side effects, or low testosterone levels), it's probably nothing to worry about.

Here are some simple ways to light his fire: Try a change of scenery. Seduce him in unusual places. Have you “anointed” each piece of furniture in your house? Jump him when and where he least expects it! Studies also show that couples who have a TV in their bedroom have half as much sex as those who don't. Don't worry about keeping entertained—just let him walk in while you're playing with yourself before bed. I predict he'll get so excited about your enthusiasm that he'll rise to the occasion before you go over the brink.

Partner Swap

Do all female adult-film stars swing both ways? Are there straight female porn stars who only sleep with guys?—C.J., Texas

Rev His Engine

I've been married for six years, and my husband's sex drive has significantly decreased. We used to have sex at least two or three times a week. Now I'm lucky if I can coax him into it once a month. I bought him a subscription to Penthouse to spice things up, but I spend more time reading it than he does! How can I get him to want to have sex with me more often?—C.N., Massachusetts

It's normal for your sex drive to ebb and flow over time. His libido could have taken a nosedive due to stress, lack of exercise, or just a jam-packed schedule. As long as he's seen his physician and ruled out any medical causes

Who does what depends on money. Women make more cash if they're willing to swing both ways, since nearly every porn production these days shoots lesbian and straight scenes. Indeed, it's more common that a straight female star will make love to a woman than to a man. Why? It's usually because their husbands or boyfriends object to their having sex with another guy—but not with another woman. You can't tell who is straight, bisexual, or a lesbian based on what they do on-screen. But women are generally more prone to being openly bisexual than men, partly because society accepts (and even encourages!) it a lot more than two guys getting it on.

SEXPERIMENT

The Little Blue Pill

A few years ago, Viagra revolutionized and revitalized the sex lives of men around the world. Although the little blue pill was invented to treat impotence, it has been prescribed for women with physical arousal dysfunction. Some women who use Viagra report improvement in clitoral sensitivity and lubrication, so I decided to give it a try. Bad move! My clitoris became hypersensitive, and not in a good way—it hurt to even touch it. I got a royal headache (now I understand why most guys take an aspirin along with their Viagra) and felt dizzy. In short, the side effects—at least for me—were too intense to let me even *think* about having sex. So if your woman needs some help getting turned on, try hugs, not drugs.



“Some women who use Viagra report an improvement in clitoral sensitivity and lubrication, so I decided to give it a try. Bad move!”

Factoids

- The average man has sex 138 times a year. He spends 28 minutes doing it (including foreplay).
- Thirty-eight percent of women say their breasts are the most sexually responsive part of their body, beating out the clitoris (28 percent).
- The average man's erect penis stretches 5.877 inches—about the size of a medium cup of takeout coffee.

SEX DEVICE OF THE MONTH

The Mile-High Kit

What: An airline travel kit containing all you need to have (or role-play that you're having) sex at 35,000 feet. In a secret compartment beneath some standard first-class airline giveaway items (mints, wipes, and a mirror), there's everything from a personal massager, condoms, and lube to a cock ring and feather tickler.

How: Take it with you on the plane, just in case you spy a hot and horny babe. Or give it to your girlfriend, along with a hot stewardess costume, to encourage her—in the words of R. Kelly—to “spread her wings and fly.”

Why: You'll be ready for spontaneous sex whenever the opportunity arises.

Perks: For the frequent flier who always forgets to pack condoms, the Mile-High Kit ensures you will always be “up” and ready for a quick layover with that sexy stranger. The kit contains instructions in several languages in case your paramour doesn't speak English.

Price: \$55. MileHighKit.com



TOP TEN ...

... Signs She's Cheating

1. She starts to work out and diet religiously. This is a particularly dangerous sign if it's not swimsuit season.
2. She wears expensive lingerie to “run errands” or to visit her sister—whom she used to say awful things about.
3. She gets a Brazilian bikini wax for no apparent reason. Believe me, you don't subject yourself to that kind of pain for nothing!
4. She ignores calls on her cell phone when you're there, and you see strange nicknames on her speed dial.
5. There are unusual charges on her credit card, such as purchases from men's clothing stores—and it's not your birthday or her father's.
6. When she comes home at odd hours, she overcompensates by acting extra sweet.
7. She changes the computer page when you walk in and quickly deletes all of her e-mails.
8. She comes home freshly showered or with wet hair (when she doesn't belong to a health club).
9. She carries condoms in her purse, but never initiates sex away from home.
10. She has a suspicious white stain on her dress and a box of cigars in her car.



Getting a Raise

It's a safe bet there are two things on the mind of every hardworking American male. The first is getting laid. The second is getting a raise. As a matter of fact, I wouldn't be surprised if medical science soon discovers that the synapses controlling longing, whether for pussy or a hefty paycheck, are located in the same region of the brain.

Unfortunately, I can't help you with the former. But when it comes to the latter, I have some advice. I'm not talking about the pro forma, three or four percent "merit"

Do the Same: Conquering Self-Defeating Behavior on the Job (Penguin Group). "You want to ask for that raise in the context of you demonstrating special value."

But what if you haven't demonstrated special value, and you just really need more money? To borrow a baseball analogy, there should be a place for guys who consistently get on base but don't hit home runs, or who sacrifice so others can score. As Goulston says, "There is a value to steadiness that's often overlooked because people are noticing the stars." But



"How can you get your bite of the apple in today's feudal corporate culture after the CEO and his cronies have taken *their* bites in salary, bonuses, stock options, pension benefits, and company jet privileges?"

raises many companies give at the end of the year, which really amount to a cost-of-living allowance. ("Standard merit raises are not based on merit," says an executive who doles them out at his company. "They're based on how little the company can get away with paying you without totally discouraging you.")

The best time to ask for more money is after you've done something spectacular to boost the company's bottom line—such as making a big sale or bringing in a new client. "The timing should be after you've made a big score for the company where the results are clear you were instrumental," says Dr. Mark Goulston, author of *Get Out of Your Own Way at Work ... and Help Others*

how can you get your bite of the apple in today's feudal corporate culture after the CEO and his cronies have taken *their* bites in salary, bonuses, stock options, pension benefits, company-jet privileges for the whole family, and visits to first-class hotels and restaurants?

First, you should be prepared to make an unassailable argument for why you deserve a raise *now*. Do a little research. Know your value in the marketplace. What do other people in similar positions, both inside and outside your company, get paid?

Next, decide what to ask for—not just in terms of cash, but also perks, such as additional vacation time or, in this telecommuting world, the opportunity to

work from home one day a week.


The most important skill of all is knowing how to read your boss. If he fears his own head is about to roll, now may not be the time to ask for a promotion. On the other hand, if his star is rising—due in part to team players like you—there should be ways to bring that gently, even humorously, to his attention.

One way to overcome the psychological roadblocks that might prevent you from asking for more money (such as abject terror) is to think in terms of promotions rather than raises. Asking for money may seem crass, but requesting more responsibility never is.

A few years ago I inter-

viewed about a dozen Fortune 500 CEOs to see what traits they shared. The most important common characteristic was that they never undervalued themselves. They understood what they meant to their companies—and if their bosses didn't share that understanding, they weren't afraid to walk.

In the end, that may be what you have to do to get the pay you deserve. I asked the executive who's responsible for his company's merit raises what advice he'd give workers who thought they were worth more than the miserly three-percent increase he was offering them.

"Get another job," he said. He was serious—that's how he got ahead. 

**TWO FOR THE VICE OF ONE**

True Hollywood Twins
(Vivid Entertainment) **1.1.1**

Director Paul Thomas's droll parody of the *E! True Hollywood Story* stars real-life twins Lacey and Lyndsey Love. They play down-and-out former child stars who are trying to get back on top, even if it means fucking their way back into Hollywood. The sex is slow and sensual, with lots of moaning and groaning and an impressive come shot. The twins later have an interesting run-in with a California highway patrolman, who takes them on a conveniently placed roadside mattress. Then Steven St. Croix has an extremely sexy blowjob scene where he shows one of the twins how to deep-throat his dick, and she looks damn fine doing it. *Twins* ends with a multi-partner sex scene in which everything is wrapped up in a neat little package (kind of like real life, but with the bonus that everyone gets laid). The Love twins are a pleasure to watch, and the novelty of seeing two identical women in multiple sex scenes is extremely hot. Chances are, this is as close as you're going to get to having twins in your bedroom, so we suggest you go for it.

THREE THE HARD WAY

2 Girls for Every Guy
(Acid Rain) **1.1.1**

What do you get when you combine two horny girls, one studly man, and a video camera? If you're a normal guy, a stain on your sheets. But if you're the director of this DVD, you get an exercise in wall-to-wall fucking. The girls are of many ethnicities, making for a nice change of pace. Dusky darlings Victoria Sweet and Sativa Rose get a workout from Lee Stone, and the trio makes you forget about the low-rent quality of the production with some nasty sex. Havana Ginger teams up with Crissy Cums to get it on in a loud-ass coupling where Ginger is the definite star. The sex is fast and furious and, for the most part, on the money. Surprisingly, there's little lesbian lovin', which, if you're a glass-half-full kind of guy, means there's more time for good old-fashioned wick dipping.

NEW KIDS ON THE COCK

Early Entries #5
(Metro) **1.1.1**

We're assuming the title refers to the fact that the stars are fairly new to the porn business. Director Pat Myne generally is able to pull raunchy performances from his charges. *Early Entries #5* is no exception, although Myne should refrain from chatting these chicks up before their scenes. The quality of the talent transcends the straightforward and otherwise pedestrian sex. Claire Robbins, an A-cup cutie with Renée Zellweger eyes, performs a smoking double penetration. Ashley Gracie adds some extreme bitchitude, whether she's swallowing cock or having her cunt eaten. She swears like a truck driver when her mouth's not full of cock. Geek-chic doxy Veronica Stone couldn't look more innocent with her horn-rimmed glasses—until she's showing pink and getting plowed. The cast is attractive, horny, and pulls off some hot sex scenes, so you can pull something off yourself. A good little show from a guy who knows his shit. **O+**

All the DVDs reviewed in *Penthouse* can be purchased at PenthouseStore.com.



What's hot
(and not) in
online porn

FROM **Sir
Rodney**
.com

REAL COUPLES

★★★★★

If only England could build cars as good as their porn... Over 50 terrific exclusive videos featuring UK amateurs shot at home by porn impresario "One Eyed" Jack. The featurettes are entirely believable and the candid pregame interviews add local color...

MILF HUNTER

★★★★★

The most famous porn site on the 'net is huge enough to be an industry unto itself, like WWF, only with wall-to-wall hardcore. Two guys, one with a video camera, approach hot MILFs in a public place and convince them to indulge in some afternoon delight...

KISS MY CRACK

★★★☆☆

With a name like this, I suppose close-ups of women licking some guy's ass shouldn't be surprising. And assuming only a truck-stop crack whore would do such a thing, no shock that that's exactly what we get. There's enough HMA (hairy man ass) in porn as it is...

AMATEUR CANADA

★★★★★

Now we know how they stay warm in winter. Over 100 real amateurs frolic here, including Maja, a super-hot slutty Asian, and Vanessa, an Alanis morissette without the Issues. Should be called itty-bitty-titties, but the girls are cute despite, and Rodney's little Iditerod got a workout. Finally a reason for a 51st state...

Read more at SirRodney.com



<http://www.SirRodney.com>

The Long, Hot Summer

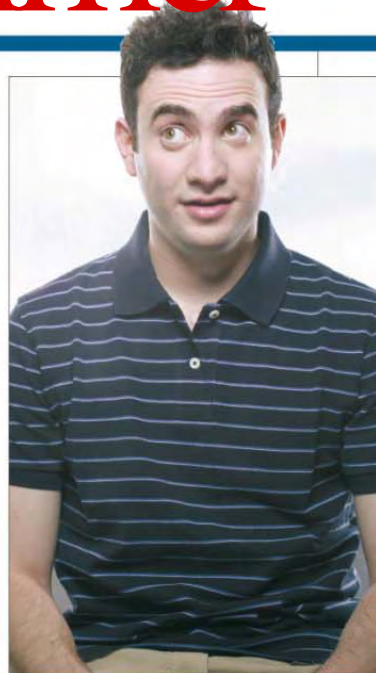
Summer is a strange time in the life of a college student. The end of finals is generally met with great relief, followed by the school year's last all-night rager. The next morning everyone moves out, praying the keg-shaped hole in their dorm room won't be grounds for losing their security deposit. But what exactly is the summer break a break *from*? It's doubtful many college kids are thinking, *Thank God summer is here! Now I can sleep late and party! Finally, a break from college and, uh, well, sleeping late and partying.* Surprisingly, though, the typical college summer can take on many forms of sloth.

A very popular summer choice is what's known as "doing absolutely fucking nothing." I hear time and again about kids who sit on their couch in late May and don't get up until late August ... or when they have to piss—whichever comes first. The downside of this is, you

is working at her camp this summer, and she graduated college five years ago. It's weird how lifetime campers develop a Big Brother mentality. Danielle would return from camp every year and tell me the color war ended with the closest score ever. Are you fucking kidding me? They tell you that every year. Grow up and get a damn job.

Probably the most common summer activity for college kids is the dreaded internship. Being a summer intern isn't as glamorous as everyone makes it out to be. (Okay, so no one ever makes it out to be glamorous.) But I'm sure someone, somewhere, is under the impression that interning gives you real insight into your prospective career. In reality, you get real insight into why people who wear ties every day are miserable and why office bathrooms are horrifying.

My summer internships varied. I interned at my



there without further international incident.

In the end, your choice of summer activity usually reflects your personality in college. The lazy (or perhaps the genius) choose to do absolutely fucking nothing.

be starting at my new school, where I don't know anybody. How do I avoid being that sketchy new sophomore who's surrounded by freshmen?

First of all, congratulations on transferring. Not only did you voluntarily go through the college-application process a second time, but—more impressive—you were able to admit out loud that you totally fucked it up the first time. Good for you.

I'm only kidding, though. I'm well aware that people transfer for a variety of reasons. Choosing a college is pretty much a crapshoot anyway. You visit the school for an afternoon with your parents and read a brochure filled with pictures

"It's doubtful many college kids are thinking, *Thank God summer is here! Now I can sleep late and party! Finally, a break from college and, uh, well, sleeping late and partying.*"

don't make any money and you have a good chance of developing deep-vein thrombosis. The upside is, who doesn't like doing absolutely fucking nothing?

Another summer option is going to camp. I have friends who went to sleepaway camp their entire lives, and when the summer after freshman year of college came around, they simply returned to camp to work as counselors. I'm pretty sure my friend Danielle

father's company one year. The president of the company once caught me fast asleep on my keyboard, and when I awoke I had the F and J keys imprinted on my forehead. Another summer I interned in London, where drinking alcohol at lunch is fairly common. What's not common is getting drunk, returning to the office, and spilling an entire glass of water on the copy machine. Thankfully, I made it out of

The unemployable choose working at summer camp. And the ambitious (or perhaps the future unapologetic corporate sycophants) choose interning. I know people who've done all three. Strangely enough, they're all lawyers now.

It's mailbag time. If you have a question, shoot it over to karo@penthouse.com.

Dear Karo: I just transferred colleges. This fall I'll

of khaki-clad students playing ultimate frisbee on the quad. That's not really a whole lot of information to go on.

As far as fitting in at your new digs, let's not forget that you have a massive advantage over everyone else. You might end up living in the first-year dorm, but you have the mind of a sophomore. That's huge. Use that knowledge to get into a cute freshman's pants (O—



More than half of today's active-duty Army officers came from ROTC programs on college and university campuses, like this one at the University of Mississippi.

ROTC BLUES

The Army continues to suffer personnel difficulties largely attributable to the war in Iraq. The latest problem is especially worrisome since it involves the heart of the Army's officer corps.

The Reserve Officers' Training Corps (ROTC) provides about 70 percent of the Army's new officers (the rest come from military academies, such as West Point, and officer-training schools), who make up more than half of the Army officers now on active duty. After 9/11, ROTC enrollment surged on college and university campuses. But it has declined recently, which has been attributed to college students' apprehension of being assigned to combat units. The Army now finds itself hard-pressed to maintain what it considers a minimum of 3,900 ROTC graduates each year.

The real solution would be an end to overseas combat operations, but that currently doesn't seem feasible.

BONUS BUCKS

Although the Marine Corps has not yet experienced the serious enlistment and reenlistment difficulties facing other military branches, senior Corps leaders believe continuing combat deployments and casualties will ultimately lead to a personnel deficit. Determined to avoid having to retroactively address the shortage of enlistments and reenlistments now plaguing the Army, the Marines have launched an unprecedented program to ensure a steady supply of gyrenes. It amounts to good news for Marines who serve and decide to stay on, since they'll partake of \$74 million the Marine Corps

wrangled from Congress for the specific purpose of keeping them happy.

In the newly revamped Selective Reenlistment Bonus program, Marines with 17 months to six years of service will get bonuses of up to \$40,000 depending on their specialty; Marines with six to 14 years of service will receive up to \$45,000. Those figures represent 30 percent increases in such bonuses, which is impressive in a service long shortchanged or disregarded in defense budgets. But Marine Corps officials had a powerful argument when they sought the funds from Congress: Marines have run up an impressive combat record in Iraq, and the idea of a crucial military corps hobbled by enlistment and reenlistment problems in the current uncertain global situation is unthinkable.


FROM WAR TO WORK

According to statistics gathered by veterans groups and Pentagon officials, the unemployment rate among veterans ages 20 to 24 is nearly 15 percent—about three times the national average.

Experts cite a number of reasons for these veterans' unemployment. The primary factor is that many young soldiers who complete their single enlistment tour and return to civilian life have limited transferable job skills. Without technical expertise, it's difficult to find work other than low-paying service jobs.

The high unemployment rate for young veterans also hints at even greater problems in the future: Some 200,000 men and women leave active military service each year, and that number will increase as congressionally mandated boosts in active-duty forces lead to larger numbers of veterans.

A coalition of governmental and nongovernmental organizations, including the Pentagon, Veterans Affairs, the U.S. Department of Labor, and veterans groups, has launched efforts to place young veterans. Initiatives include job fairs and a "hire vets first" program that enlists private businesses.

But those involved in such efforts concede that the real solution lies in the kind of programs that the tight federal budget does not allow—job-search and counseling assistance, remedial education, and job training. 

Forum

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

WAITING FOR ERICA

I was outside waiting for Erica again. I think I was starting to get to her because she was stopping by more often. Just then she drove up, got out of the car, and walked toward me, her black leather boots clicking.

"Hey, Evan," she said, smiling. "You're looking good. What's up?"

By the way I hungrily took in her body, she knew what was up.

"We should go inside—it's cold out here," she said.

I led her down the stairs into my bed-

length of her pussy then slowly slipped them in, making her gasp.

I lowered my head and flicked my tongue over her swollen clit. She started to moan. I started devouring her pussy and finger-fucking her as she gasped for breath. Finally her body started to shudder, and she screamed out how good it felt.

I was more than ready to fuck her. I moved up, placed my dick at the entrance to her wet cunt, and pulled her legs around my arms so I could enter her at a deeper angle. Then I slid all the way in with one thrust. Erica moaned and began moving her hips to meet my thrusts. I was banging her hard, my hips slamming into her. She was rubbing her clit, making us both even horn-

"I took her from behind, each stroke more purposeful than the one before, propelling her over the orgasmic edge."

room, where we wasted no time. Erica grabbed me by the shoulders and pushed me down onto the couch. The music was already going, so she began her dance. She undid her bustier one hook at a time until it fell to the floor. I was already getting hard. Erica straddled my waist and began grinding her hips into mine. I fell into rhythm with her. She knew exactly what I wanted, and she was going to make sure I got it.

I leaned forward and took one plump nipple in my mouth, causing her breath to catch. She started rubbing her hands all over her body, playing with one nipple while I continued to suck on the other. My hands reached down and grabbed her perfect little ass. Then she got up and stood in front of me. She took her time lowering the zipper on her side and her tiny skirt fell to the floor. She wasn't wearing any panties, and her cunt was shaved clean.

Erica knelt in front of me, unzipped my jeans, and pulled them down to my ankles. My hard-on was standing tall in my boxers, waiting to be freed. She tucked her fingers underneath the waistband of my shorts and pulled them off along with my pants, then ran her hands up my legs. With one hand, she grabbed my cock and put it into her sweet mouth. She ran her tongue all around the head, licking some of the pre-come that oozed from the tip before taking me into her mouth. I started moving my hips to the rhythm of her bobbing head. I gently thrust in and out of her mouth, just barely touching the back of her throat. Erica liked it that way, and so did I. She released me, then raised her head to kiss me. I grabbed her by the arms and pulled her up to the couch so we could switch places. I ran two fingers along the wet



ier. Then I flipped her over so she was bent over the front of the couch. I took her from behind, each stroke more purposeful than the one before, propelling her over the orgasmic edge.

But that's not how I wanted to come. I reached over and pulled a bottle of KY from her purse. I drizzled the lube down the crease of Erica's ass, preparing her for my next move. Then I pulled out of her pussy and placed my cock at the opening of her ass. I slowly pushed myself inside, enjoying the incredible, glove-tight feeling of her ass. I started pumping in and out, gradually quicken-

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ing my pace. All the while she was going wild and screaming for more. She pushed back on my cock, bringing me even deeper inside her. I felt my balls tightening, gritted my teeth, and released my load deep into her ass.

I lifted Erica up, kissed her again, then carried her around to the bed. We fell asleep, spent after our intense love-making. Neither of us stirred until the next morning.—B.A., Colorado

NO TELLING

She was my best friend's wife and I'd known her for years, but she was also someone I'd fantasized about. And after my divorce, she was someone I could talk to. In time, I realized I was in love with her.

Finally, when I couldn't take being around her anymore, I expressed my feelings and was surprised when she told me she felt the same way about me. She said she wanted to be with me, but

she didn't want to cheat on her husband.

Weeks and words later, things finally reached the boiling point. It was a Sunday afternoon, and her husband and I were working on his car. I was taking a break inside to have a beer and her husband was in the bathroom. She chose that moment to walk into my arms and kiss me. I was shocked, but

"I began giving her deep, hard thrusts. We found a rhythm and she began pushing back, urging me to go faster."

returned the kiss when her tongue pushed its way into my mouth. We pulled apart just in time for her husband to walk past us and back outside. She said, "Baby, that kiss was so sweet." I nodded in agreement, and took a huge gulp of my beer.

With a smoldering look, she turned and walked down the hallway. I heard her call my name, and I followed. She was now topless, and her hands were at the top of her jeans starting to undo the button. With her good looks and small but curvy figure, I couldn't stop myself. I went to her and kissed her. I let my hands travel upward to cup her full breasts. I tried to pull down her pants, but she was trying to get into mine.

She succeeded in getting into my pants and knelt down to take me into her mouth. The sight of this gorgeous woman sucking my dick was almost too much to take. When she looked up at me as she expertly sucked and swirled her tongue around my cockhead, she had me on the brink of ecstasy.

But I wasn't ready for it to end just yet, so I pulled her up from the floor. "Now you," I said. I turned her toward the wall and kissed my way down the back of her neck to the small of her back. I pulled down her pants and thong, and I started to nibble on the butt that had always been a major part of my fantasies. Then I got down to business and gave her long licks from her clit to her asshole. I soon had her wiggling and moaning. Wanting to taste every inch, I explored her with my tongue, pushing it in and out of her pussy. I had a good grip on her hips because when she came, I didn't want to miss a single drop if she was a squirter. And she was. Her body went rigid as she peaked and she flooded my mouth with the sweetest nectar I'd ever tasted.

With her still braced against the wall, I stood and entered her. I took my time going in, making her moan in pleasure. I stayed still inside her for a moment until she calmed down. Then I began giving her deep, hard thrusts. We found a rhythm and she began pushing back, urging me to go faster. After a few min-

utes, she sensed my orgasm approaching. Looking at me over her shoulder, she said, "I have to taste you. I want you to finish in my mouth."

She turned around, dropped to her knees, and sucked me into her mouth. Her deep-throating only sped things up. I told her I was about to come. She never let go and swallowed every single

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Correction from May 2006: The pictorial of our Pet of the Month should have been credited to photographer J. Stephen Hicks.

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Correction from March 2006:

The models in our feature on men's underwear, "Cover Your Ass" (pages 120–125), should have been credited as Kim Murphy and Stacy Carlson, courtesy of AntiGravity. ★

